NEW MASSES

DECEMBER 8, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

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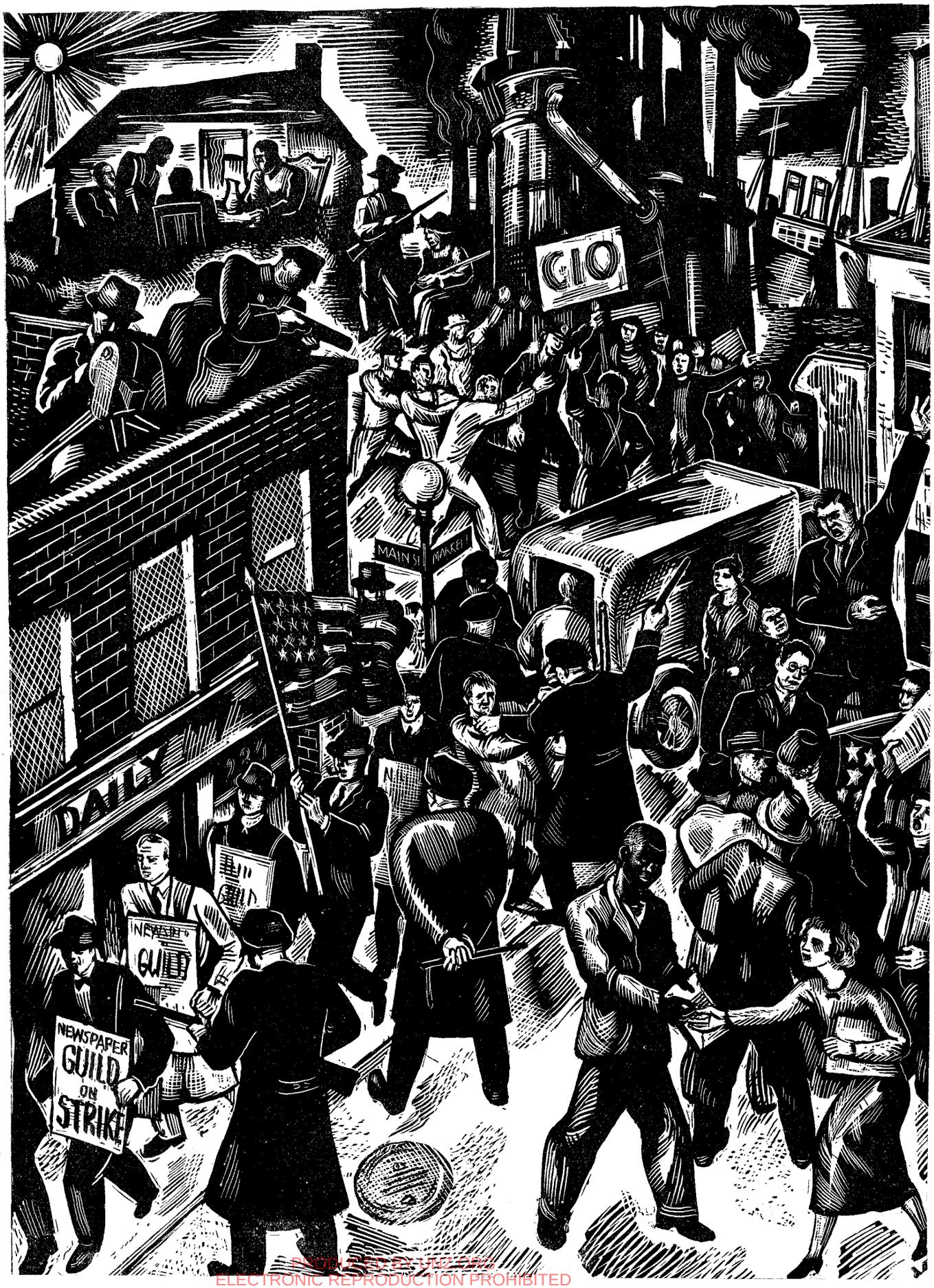

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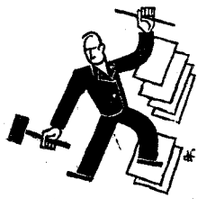
BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN the chairman's gavel banged, the session settled down down to business. Those present who were to read papers made last-minute marginal notes; late-comers glanced eagerly around the assembly-room, looking for those faces they had hoped to see there; in the air was the suppressed heat lightning of a historic moment. The chairman picked up a batch of letters, telegrams, and cables, and began to read: "We can be hammer or anvil. Let us be hammer." It was from Ernst



Toller, exiled German playwright, in greeting to the Western Writers' Congress, meeting for the first time in the California Club, San Francisco. More greetings, from André Gide, André Malraux, Louis Aragon; from Sidney Howard, Thomas Mann, Sherwood Anderson, Elmer Rice; from Spanish and Negro writers; from writers and writers' groups in the Far East; from Tom Mooney.

Clara Weatherwax, author of the NEW MASSES - John Day prize novel *Marching Marching,* who was present, writes us about the congress:

"Some writers had to save and plan a long time in order to get to the congress. Others came by airplane. Each had his own difficulties. Yet here were three generations of writers more concerned with social than individual problems. Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood formed a link with Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and the pioneer writers. Upton Sinclair was one of the early social writers, a colleague of Frank Norris, Jack London, and Lincoln Steffens. The younger writers represented the modern period in all its phases from conservative to liberal to revolutionary.

"Chairman John D. Barry's opening appeal, 'Writers of the World, Unite!' was rousingly affirmed when the whole assembly rose to greet Señora Isabel de Palencia, spirited artist and writer, who told about Spain, about the writers and journalists who had fallen fighting the invaders. 'We would rather die standing up,' she cried, 'than spend the rest of our lives on our knees!'

"Colonel Wood, eighty-year-old patriarch and poet, proved a sensation. Regarding Hearst, he said, 'I speak with no venom, with no cheap anger. I know Mr. Hearst is what he is. I know a rattlesnake, and I do not think a rattlesnake should be at liberty.'

"A number of the papers read, like the one dealing with trends toward fascism in American textbooks and school materials, should be required reading. Some were brilliant, others provocative, academic, humorous. None was downright dull. All were characterized by an evident desire to face reality and to arrive at definite conclusions, particularly regarding the writer and his function. Some highlights were:

"'Censorship today is the offensive of fascism.'

"'Critics have been concerned with moral values: with what *ought* to be, not with what *is*.'

"'Only a new vision of man and his relation to the world can create a new literature.'

"'Sentimentality is frustration. . . . This leads to fascism.'

"'We need a West Coast magazine as an organizer, weapon, and tool.'

"'Honor the man with the Guild card; look out for the man without one.'

"'Writers are preparing to return literature to the people.'

"Only two real controversies arose. The first was set off by John D. Barry's paper, 'Down With Deep Stuff!'

"'The language of print ought to be abolished,' he said. 'Try to write as people speak. Put the human voice into your writing. . . . Try to be accurate. Don't include the repetitions and slipshod parts of our everyday talk. Suggest the elasticity, color, and beauty of our speech. . . . Complicated writing shows muddled thinking. . . . We have ideas we want to spread. We must learn how to reach human beings.'

"Mr. Barry's opponents objected that the English language had been 400 years in the making and shouldn't be lightly tossed out of the window. Others argued that certain ideas could not be effectively and economically stated in conversational language. One young woman said, 'I have great respect for an audience. I do not think we need to write simply.'

"The other controversy grew out of the session on the motion picture. Screen writers were attacked for the poor quality and anti-labor bias of most films. Donald Ogden Stewart, Viola Brothers Shore, and Mike Gold replied with great spirit. One defender outlined the organizational and trade-union problems that screen writers face, and helped the audience understand what many already felt: that the screen writers were doing their best in a ticklish situation. As Mike Gold pointed out, 'Screen writers have almost as little control over the product of their minds as a puddler has, working in Bethlehem Steel. The Screen Writers' Guild deserves as much respect as any struggling trade un- and impossible demands should not made on it.' Dorothy Parker capp- the discussion with the remark, 'Th- pictures would have been a whole -ed rottener if some writer hadn't been fighting.'

"Harry Bridges, direct from the Maritime Federation strike headquarters, urged all the writers to fight against repetition of such films as *Riff-Raff;* and to portray the waterfront and seafaring men just as they are, as industrious members of the working class. 'We'll need the help of the writers in this Congress,' he added, 'and we won't be backward in coming and asking for it. . . . Your problems are somewhat different from ours on the waterfront, but we can have a close relation.'

"In its final session, the Congress elected Upton Sinclair President of its permanent organization, the Association of Western Writers. Vice-Presidents: Donald Ogden Stewart, Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, John D. Barry, Harold Eby. General Secretary: Haakon Chevalier. Organizational Secretary: Harry Carlisle.

"After passing numerous resolutions on civil rights and writers' problems, the Western Writers' Congress and its permanent organization, the Association of Western Writers, adopted as their aims the following:

"1. To develop a sense of unity among writers, and a realization of their social function.

"2. To organize writers for the defense of culture and against repression and reaction.

"3. To associate itself with the activities of national and international organizations of writers whose aims are similar.

"4. To coöperate with cultural, professional, and labor organizations for common action.

"5. To build up a magazine which will represent the writers and other cultural groups of the West."

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Flashbacks

THE Savior of Belgian Babies pecked nervously at his noon-day meal Dec. 7, 1931, while 1670 hunger marchers outside the White House grounds acted as loudspeakers to the cry of this nation's unemployed for bread. A chief executive of the United States was, for the first time in history, having the "International" as

luncheon music. . . . From Socialist benches in the Reichstag on Dec. 2, 1914, came a strong, but solitary "No!" to the Kaiser's latest demand for war credits. It was Karl Liebknecht speaking. . . . "Even now as I write," scribbled Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on the morning of Dec. 2, 1859, "they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon."

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David

The German-Japanese Pact

The ostensible "anti-Red" accord adds fuel to the flames of the war danger

By Karl Fitch

THE German-Japanese agreement is the latest, and the most important, step in the series of alliances and understandings binding the aggressor powers into a common front for predatory war.

It would not be strictly accurate to call the Tokyo agreement an unexpected bombshell in world diplomacy. The interests of Nazi Germany, the foremost aggressor in the West, and Japan, the foremost aggressor in the East, have been sufficiently identical to assure a high degree of coöperation between them. For more than a year they have been collaborating closely in military matters; and by April of this year had reached a relationship which "Augur," mouthpiece for the British foreign office, described at that time as an "alliance in everything but name." German military authorities, Augur revealed, extended special treatment to representatives of the Japanese army and navy and permitted Japanese experts to acquaint themselves "with the minutest details" of the technical equipment of the German armed forces. These relations were further strengthened during the summer when the Nazi military expert General Reichenau visited Tokyo for a series of conversations, which were described in the Hearst press as directed against the Soviet Union.

Late last summer it was apparent that only firm collective resistance by other powers, whose interests were threatened by the aggressive policies of Germany and Japan, could prevent this ardent courtship from ripening into political marriage. Such resistance, however, was lacking. The British, instead of taking a bold stand against aggression and strengthening collective security, proposed to weaken the League of Nations and condoned

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—either openly, by silence, or by weak protest—the series of warlike moves by the aggressor powers in Europe, Africa, and Asia. France tended to follow London's line. Encouraged by this display of weakness and vacillation on the part of the leading European "democracies," Germany and Japan concluded their military pact.

RUMORS and vague reports regarding the existence of the German-Japanese agreement began to percolate from Tokyo, despite a strict press censorship, early last month. The German and Japanese foreign offices answered these reports first by silence, then by denials, and finally by partial admissions. Their version, at the present moment, is that they have "merely" entered a common front in the struggle against communism. There is little doubt, however, that beneath this lofty arrangement to save German and Japanese *Kultur* from the perils of communist "barbarism," there is a military pact whose terms cannot be disclosed because they would send shivers of alarm even through those "democratic" chancelleries which abhor communism with almost the same fervor as the Nazis.

The report of the Soviet news agency, which first disclosed the existence of the secret military agreement, has since been confirmed by dispatches to New York newspapers from Tokyo, Paris, and other capitals. According to Wilfred Fleisher, Tokyo correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune,* the agreement provides not merely for a joint crusade against communism—and the Nazi and Japanese definition of communism is elastic enough to include the Spanish republicans and, if necessary, the British tories themselves—but for mutual military assistance in event of war. Fleisher further reported that Germany would undertake to furnish Japan with certain military supplies Japan is unable to produce.

Obviously this agreement is directed primarily against the Soviet Union. Japan has by no means relinquished its ambition to seize the rich territory of western Siberia as far as Lake Baikal and perhaps farther. On the contrary, it continues steadily to prepare for a war of aggression against the Soviet Union and at the present moment is attempting to complete its base of operations against the Soviet Union by seizing the Chinese province of Suiyuan, along the frontiers of Outer Mongolia. And Nazi Germany, as Hitler recently proclaimed at the Nuremberg Congress, hopes more ardently than ever to solve its internal difficulties by seizing the Ukraine and the Urals.

The somewhat naïve Tokyo correspondent of the New York *Times,* inspired by the Japanese foreign office, calls the Japanese-German agreement a "defensive pact of a novel kind." A "defensive" agreement is indeed novel when it provides, as this one obviously does, for a joint attack against a country which has unsuccessfully offered non-aggression pacts to both Germany and Japan, and whose peaceful intentions are known to all the world.

But the western democracies are mistaken

Sid Gotcliffe

indeed if they regard the German-Japanese alliance as directed against the Soviet Union alone. The pact is a blow at every country that wants peace. It strengthens Nazi Germany in Europe and Japan in the Far East. It increases the threat to British and French empires. Even American capitalism, which deludes itself with the cult of isolation, cannot be indifferent to an agreement which strengthens the Japanese military machine and increases the Japanese threat against China and the Philippines. Those statesmen in the "democratic" countries who lulled themselves into a false sense of security by the thought that fascist aggression was aimed solely against the Soviet Union, have seen Japan seize Chinese territory, Italy annex Manchukuo, and Germany and Italy make a joint effort to establish themselves in Spain.

WHAT the world faces is a powerful bloc of fascist aggressors preparing to strike not only at the Soviet Union, but in any direction which promises booty. The bloc now includes Germany, Japan, Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. The latter four are not a party to the Japanese agreement, but are indirectly linked with it through their relations with Germany. The Italian fascist press openly expresses jubilation over the conclusion of the Tokyo pact. The adherence of Japan to the "anti-Communist front," says the fascist *Corriere della Sera,* "marks a step forward in the cause of civilization and peace."

The fascist definition of civilization and peace may be read in the mangled bodies of women and children in the streets of Madrid. If the fascists succeed in Spain, will they next attempt to spread their "civilization and peace" to Czechoslovakia, France, and the Soviet Union?

Those who wish to avoid the horror and devastation of Spain magnified on a world scale cannot afford to sit by idly, awaiting the answer to this question. Delay means war and death. The fascists move on from one act of aggression to other and more serious ones. Certainly the events of the last few years have demonstrated that there is no limit to the fascist appetite and that the fascists cannot be appeased by concessions.

Is a world war inevitable in the near future? We believe that it is if the democratic countries of the world continue their present policy of temporizing with the aggressors, of capitulating to them, and even, as in the case of Spain, condoning their aggressions. There is, however, an alternative in collective security. This has long been the official policy of Britain and France, as well as the Soviet Union, but it has never, as a matter of fact, been put into practice. It is a policy which Britain and France have honored more in the breach than in the observance. The Soviet Union of all major powers has alone remained loyal to it.

Those critics who declare that the Manchurian and Ethiopian aggressions demonstrated the bankruptcy of the League of Nations and of collective security ignore the fact that the League covenant was never fully or effectively employed in either case. Recent events have shown that not collective security, but the policy of appeasing or temporizing with the fascists, is bankrupt. The chief hope for peace at the present time depends on the formation of a powerful and effective people's front by all who want peace. Such a people's front must be organized in every country in order to compel the adoption of genuine peace policies by the governments of the various "democratic" nations; and must be organized internationally in order to curb the war-makers. A powerful common front for peace, if actually effected, offers at the present stage the sole hope for peace in a world threatened by catastrophic war which may mean the collapse of civilization. Germany, Japan, and Italy—powerful as they are—would hesitate to provoke a war, if they were certain to confront the firm opposition of other nations of the world.

THE Japanese-German agreement demonstrates more clearly than any previous event that the danger of war is not confined to any particular sector, but menaces the peace of the whole world. Those who sanguinely believe that the United States will remain aloof and neutral in another world war—which will inevitably involve American investments and trade in Europe and the Far East—need only recall the experiences of 1914-17, when "neutrality" regulations and safeguards collapsed under the weight of economic pressure. The interests of American capitalists will inexorably involve the United States in the next world war, just as those interests dragged us into the last one.

The logic of world economics and politics demonstrates that the United States can stay out of war, only if war is kept out of the world. This premise, which alone can provide the basis for a realistic peace policy, demands the abandonment of naïve illusions of American isolation and requires American collaboration with all moves for collective action against aggression and for the preservation of world peace.

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The Struggle in the Federation

The very nature of the Tampa convention prevents settlement of the issues there

By Vern Smith

THE strangest of all American Federation of Labor conventions has been meeting in Tampa, Fla. There is even some doubt whether, from a strictly constitutional point of view, it can be called a convention of the A.F. of L. One third of the membership has been deliberately and unconstitutionally excluded from representation by the illegal suspension on September 5 of ten unions which belong to the Committee for Industrial Organization.

There is not a word in the A.F. of L. constitution which prevents unions from uniting their forces in unofficial committees, such as the C.I.O., to carry out activities such as organizing the steel industry into the A.F. of L.

The constitution provides only one way by which unions can be cut away from the A.F. of L., and that is by a two-thirds vote of the annual convention. The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor is given no powers whatever in this respect, except to carry out the instructions of the convention.

The convention is thus dominated illegally by the old-line craft unionists: John P. Frey, president of the Metal Trades Department; Matthew Woll of the photo-engravers, the most voluble vice president of the federation; Arthur O. Wharton, president of the machinists; W. L. Hutcheson, head of the carpenters; T. A. Rickert, president of the United Garment Workers, whetting his knife against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Voting strength lies with these and similar union officials, because the A.F. of L. deprives the much more democratic organizations—those much closer to the rank and file and by their nature much more interested in the whole labor movement—the city central labor unions and state federations of labor, of nearly all voting power in conventions.

Voting power in the international unions is based on the amount of per capita tax paid, and is exercised by delegates usually not elected, but appointed by the international leadership and their local appointed or machine-controlled officials.

Therefore, for example, Hutcheson's union votes in this convention unanimously for continuing the suspension of the C.I.O. The fact that one-third of the union membership has protested the suspension, the fact that 70,000 timber workers with a federation of their own, affiliated with the United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners, has endorsed the C.I.O., does not show in the votes in Tampa.

The fact that twenty-two state federations of labor, with two-thirds of the membership of the A.F. of L., have protested the suspension, does not count—the voting power of state federations is negligible.

But it was this revolt of the rank and file which prevented an open split in the form of expulsion. Frey of the Metal Trades; Williams, head of the Building Trades Department, John Coefield, head of the plumbers' union, and other diehards, proposed expulsion. The Metal Trades Department recommended it. They jammed the expulsion resolution through the resolutions committee.

But Hutcheson, with his eye on the revolt brewing in his own union, and Green, under charges that may lead to expulsion from his union, the United Mine Workers, and others similarly startled by the repercussions in the ranks, dared not go through with such a plan. They energetically opposed it, and the convention overwhelmingly voted merely to continue the suspension, leaving further action to the Executive Council.

The difference between suspension and expulsion is that suspended unions merely lose their right to pay per-capita and vote in conventions, but retain their jurisdiction. They also retain their membership in state federations and city central bodies.

Suspension also gives more leeway for Green's fake "unity" maneuvers, and new efforts, like the bungling even though noisy propaganda schemes of the recent past, to throw the blame for split on the C.I.O.

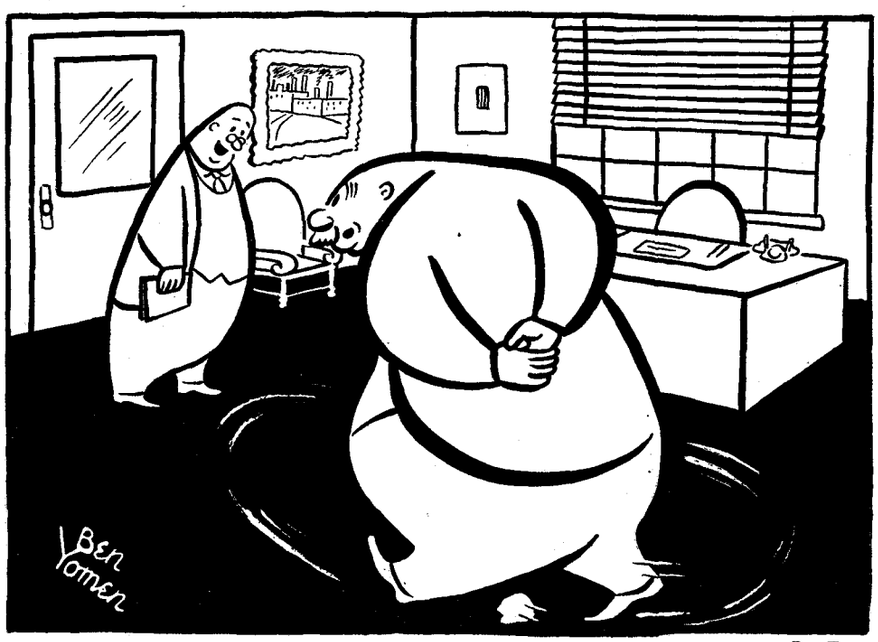
This will not keep extremists like Frey from continuing his guerrilla warfare on the C.I.O. He has already set up dual unions of hoisting engineers which split away small fragments of the International Union of Mine, Mill, & Smelter Workers in the Montana area. The Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers is an industrial union, and is a C.I.O. union.

Frey's metal trades unions will undoubtedly continue their attempts to break up the Industrial Union of Marine & Shipbuilding Workers of America.

The machine of President D. W. Tracy and International Secretary G. M. Bugniazet of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers will continue its attempts to disrupt the United Electrical & Radio Workers. These attempts recently went so far as to try and break the successful strike of the United in the Radio Corporation of America plant at Camden, N. J.

Neither the United Electrical & Radio Workers nor the International Union of Marine & Shipbuilding Workers belongs to the A.F. of L.—but that is not their choice. They have tried to belong, and been rejected because their presence in the A.F. of L. would further weaken the grip on that organization by the old craft leaders. They belong to the C.I.O.

There is an element of truth in Green's repeated declarations that it is not a fight over the question of craft as against industrial unions. The fight is one of the old craft lead-



Ben Yomen

"Expecting a baby?" "No. A strike!"

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ers to retain their power and prestige and the old conservative policies, which means they have to leave the mass-production industries unorganized in order to prevent new, fighting powers from rising in the A.F. of L. and finally dominating it, leading it away from conservatism, class-collaboration, and "business unionism" into the road of a real fight by the American workers for job control and higher wages.

Normally this means a fight between the old craft ideas and the newer industrial union theories. But even the carpenters do not hesitate to affiliate an industrial union—the timber workers' federation. Even Wharton does not hesitate to take whole industrial unions, like the New England metal workers, or even non-machinists entirely, like the New York Transportation Workers (subway motormen and all) into his craft union. As long as he can control their votes and take their dues, he isn't bothered about their industrial form of organization.

The fight is fundamentally over the question: shall the unorganized in mass-production industries be organized? Shall unions become the fighting organs of the working class? That is why all the peace plans, all the maneuvers based on pure formalities of the constitution, etc., get nowhere. The C.I.O. won't give up the steel drive, and the A.F. of L. craft union chiefs won't make any real peace unless they do—or unless the revolt among their own rank and file rises still higher and the craft leaders have to retreat.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party has proposed the following course of action for the rank and file of the A.F. of L. unions:

1. The initiation of a widespread campaign among the local unions and other organizations affiliated to the A.F. of L. for resolutions and other actions condemning the suspension of the C.I.O. unions, and demanding their reinstatement in the A.F. of L. with full rights, and the continuation of their present organization campaigns. . . .

2. A demand for the continuation of negotiations between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. for the re-establishment of unity upon the basis of organizing the mass-production industries into industrial unions within the A.F. of L.

3. A demand that the whole question of industrial unionism be submitted for decision to a general referendum vote of the rank and file of the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. unions. Similar referendums to be initiated in individual craft unions.

4. Intensification of the organization campaigns now being conducted by the C.I.O. in the steel, textile, auto, rubber, needle, and other industries. . . .

4. Efforts to mobilize the local unions of the A.F. of L. craft unions, to support the organization campaigns now being carried on by C.I.O. unions, and also for these A.F. of L. unions to begin active organization work in their own respective jurisdictions.

6. An agreement between the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, & Tin Workers and the metal trades of the A.F. of L. on the basis of the A.A. organizing all the steel workers into one industrial union, and the Federated Metal trades organizing the workers among the auxiliary metal industries in the steel areas.

7. The raising of the question of industrial unionism in all the A.F. of L. and railroad unions in those forms constituting the next practical steps to industrial solidarity in the given industries, such as a general national agreement for all railroad trades, agreements expiring on the same date in the building trades, federation of the marine trades, amalgamation of the metal trades, etc., all these joint action developments looking toward the eventual reorganization of the craft unions on an industrial-union basis.

8. The launching of a systematic campaign in the craft unions for the democratization of these organizations, the elimination of racketeers and gangsters, and the development of a new progressive leadership and policy.

9. Efforts to establish the political unity of the various sections of the trade union movement by linking together or setting up of a working co-operation between the A.F. of L. and Brotherhood legislative committees, Labor's Non-Partisan League, farmers' organizations, state farmer-labor parties, etc., on the basis of a common legislative program. Special efforts should be made to unite the local unions of the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. with the Socialist and Communist parties and other workers' organizations into city and state farmer-labor parties, with the objective of a national Farmer-Labor Party.

The fight over the C.I.O. and the action taken by the delegates at Tampa, set the key-note, or rather, recorded the basic line of policy, of the old craft leadership dominant at Tampa. This shows all through their other actions.

One of the most important of these was the boycott of the label of the A.F. of L.-affiliated Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The boycott was already announced by Green six weeks before the convention met, when he wrote a letter to Rickert recognizing the United Garment Workers label as the only union label for men's and boy's ready-to-wear clothing. The Amalgamated controls over 85 percent of the shops in this field.

And speaking of Spain, Green and his supporters refused the Spanish Ambassador Francisco de los Rios, and the delegate of the trade-union movement in Spain, Isabella de Palencia, the right to address the convention. They refused it on the grounds of democracy and fair play, giving as their reason, believe it or not, that the "other side," the fascists, wouldn't have a spokesman.

But such delicacy did not prevail when it came to outlawing the seamen's strike on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

The convention repeated its previous resolutions for release of Mooney and Billings, and even for Angelo Herndon, but refused to pass a similar one for the Scottsboro boys. Reason, they suspect the Communists especially, and all progressives, of having made the Scottsboro case an issue. And they turned down the farmer-labor party idea.

And where merely slow, conservative lobbying in Washington is in order, the convention even adopted progressive measures. It proposed considerable change in the present totally inadequate and unfair Social Security Act. It is for the thirty-hour-week law. It is for a real investigation by the LaFollette Committee of the use of stool pigeons and the denial of civil liberties. These things do not hinge on the main issue of organizing the mass-production industries, as does the C.I.O. They do not involve the question of united-front tactics and the fight against fascism, as would taking a stand in the Spanish situation.

The fight at Tampa, as Louis Budenz said recently in the *Daily Worker*, is a fight between the old and the new, between the old, powerless craft union, business unionism, and the new, progressive movement of the masses for workers' unions, strong unions, fighting unions. The convention can't settle it.

★ ★ ★

Winter's Ghost Plagues Them

It is summer, it is warm in the city square:
Lafayette's sword glints in the rich sunlight.
Below him, at the pedestal, men sit smoking,
collars open at neck, discussing winter.

They sprawl, sleeves rolled back, on the hot stone,
they wander, from time to time, to the fountain.
A can of beer is passed from hand to hand
and they swallow deep: the foam frames their faces.

But always their movements sag with the heat:
always they reach for the hip-pocket kerchief,
dabbing wet foreheads, wiping the sweat from
face and throat, thick-veined, heavily breathing.

Beyond them, where grass creeps to dropping tulips
and midget trees rise from soil, dry and leafless,
a lone bird sings; his notes are like scales on
a long-untuned violin, the bow never rosined.

But the men at the statue's base discuss winter,
more real, more threatening than any season,
and winter's hunger and nights spent in doorways
pillowed in paper, seeking of cold stone warmth.

The men move slowly, they scowl at the lightning,
suck long and deep at their pipes. Deep in them
they offer thanks, praying for more warm weather
but winter's ghost plagues them and they fear the fall.

EDWIN ROLFE.

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Love and War

The question is not what is fair, but who is, in the view of our own court reporter

By Robert Forsythe

THE situation in the Mediterranean is critical, and it is entirely proper for Mr. Eden to warn the Germans that an attack upon Belgium will bring Great Britain into war, but the situation is equally grave from the American point of view. The prospect that Mrs. Wallis Simpson might reunite us with the motherland is imperiled by the attitude of the British cabinet and the noble families. It has been publicly suggested that Mrs. Simpson be deported from England as a means of preventing her from reaching the throne. We should like to point out to our cousins across the water that action of that sort can mean only one thing: war.

The citizens of the United States will bear with a great deal, but in no case has it ever been said that America went back on love. After long years of hands-across-the-sea and blood-is-thicker-than-water, we are faced by a situation where our fairest flower, our contribution to the romance of the world, is being scorned and defiled. We now see what all these protestations of love and friendship amounted to. It will be a hard thing to do, but it is the obvious duty of America to take steps. If there is no peaceful way in which it can be accomplished, it will be necessary for the American navy to steam up the Thames and establish Mrs. Simpson in her rightful place in the royal bed. It was pointed out years ago by Wilfred Scawen Blunt that, contrary to all belief, the British were impressed only by a show of force. Since our share of the proceedings has been extremely modest up to this point, there is an evident impression in London that America is content to allow its daughter to fight her own battles. The time has come to set our friends right in the matter.

By any sensible standards, the notion that Mrs. Simpson is not the equal of the king is grotesque. If the situation were reversed, and the king were present in Baltimore as David Windsor, there would be a pretty outcry from the matrons of the town over Wally throwing herself away in such fashion. From the standpoint of national honor, the idea that Wally the American is not the equal of Davie the Englishman is fantastic and not to be borne. Not only are the British shortsighted in not realizing their first good opportunity to correct the errors of George the Third, but they are insulting. This can only mean war.

Operating under a political philosophy which has been in force for many years, America has made it evident that only the reluctance of the English makes it impossible to return the Colonies to the bosom of the United Kingdom. If a Roosevelt may wed a du Pont, a Simpson may wed a Windsor, and the joining of such royal lines cannot help but have international results. The idea of Vermont and Maine being rejoined to the Empire will of itself be such a cause for general rejoicing that any protest from other quarters will be overlooked.

So on every ground the treatment of the Simpson case may be set down as another blunder by Mr. Eden and Mr. Baldwin. The traditional policy of muddling through is all very well when the only consequence is the loss of 900,000 British soldiers, but love cannot be treated so cavalierly. In their zeal to protect the English throne, Messrs. Eden, Baldwin, and the archbishop of Canterbury have offended millions of otherwise friendly people who will fight only when Cupid is endangered. The thought that Number 10 Downing Street can thwart the progress of true love is not only nonsense but dangerous doctrine. Mr. Eden may treat with Herr Hitler as he pleases, he may play off every single power against every other, but when he sacrifices the affection of the great democratic force of the world, the United States of America, he is edging so close to the pit that he can smell the brimstone.

The Americans will stand a lot. They will give their money and worry very little when it is not returned. They will pull chestnuts out of the fire for any nation which comes asking. They will send their young men three thousand miles to fight for democracy, but they will send them back again just as readily to fight for love. That is what the English fail to understand. It may be said flatly and finally: unless Wally stands under the canopy and is crowned queen of Great Britain and empress of India, there will be war. War is never pleasant but this will be as pleasant as any of them.

Pennsylvania Mines Lithograph by George Picken

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WHATEVER GOES UP...

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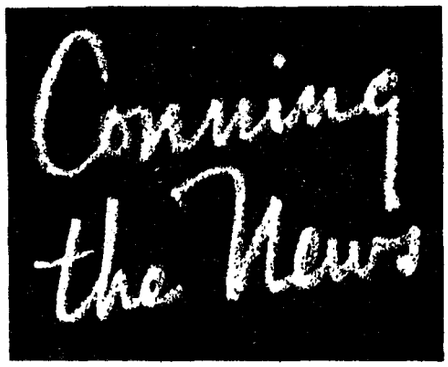

Covering the events of the week ending November 29

THE great war that all Europeans confidently expect before 1940 moved a lot nearer during the week when Germany and Japan sealed a pact to join hands in a fight to the death against "communism." Acclaimed by Joseph Goebbels as "a valuable contribution to world peace," the Berlin-Tokyo agreement immediately set the world's capitals to work probing its full implications. Not many hours had passed before it became clear that the signatory powers had shown more boldness than brightness in their latest contribution to the art of diplomacy. For, try as they did to depict their agreement as a simple police pact against the Communist International, neither Berlin nor Tokyo was able to convince the world that it was anything but an aggressive military alliance. Well pointed, in this connection, were the questions asked by Moscow's *Pravda:* "Why was it necessary to carry on negotiations in secret for eighteen months if the two countries were only organizing a mutual exchange of police information regarding the activities of the Comintern? And why such secrecy? Neither Japan nor Germany ever made any secret in the past of their dislike for the Comintern."

While it was considered a foregone conclusion that Italy, Austria, and Hungary would be drawn into the pact, bitter disapproval was voiced in Britain, the United States, and France, to whom invitations to join the Fascist International were also extended.

Britain had tangible reasons for disapproving. The pact provided for "strict measures against those who at home or abroad" aid the Communist International. In British eyes this was equivalent to authorizing Germany to invade Czechoslovakia, which, according to Nazi charges, is already "an outpost of Bolshevism." A German attack on Czechoslovakia might embroil England in an unwelcome Continental war. From "internal evidence," Downing Street also learned that the anti-Comintern pact screened a secret protocol for the division of the Dutch East Indies into Japanese and German spheres of influence. The Nazis, according to the agreement, granted Japan the right of way in Dutch Borneo, which lies close to His Majesty's naval base at Singapore. In turn, Java and Sumatra, which lie on the route from Singapore to British naval bases on the Indian Ocean, were conceded to Germany. These considerations had much to do with Premier Baldwin's decision to let the world know that there was a limit even to the supineness of the British Cabinet. Pointedly recalling Britain's role in the last war, Mr. Eden announced: "The independence and integrity of Belgium are of vital interest for Britain; she could count upon our help were she ever the victim of an unprovoked aggression."

IN New York, announcement of the pact and of the secret East Indies protocol aroused the *Herald Tribune* to the menace to American prestige in the Pacific, and drew from it the comment: "If Germany had sought means for turning the United States once more toward our former allies, she could not have done better. She has made it almost certain that a European war must become a world war. Could greater madness be conceived?"

As the reaction in non-fascist countries became known, Tokyo newspapers were described as "fretting" over Japan's betrothal to the Nazis. Indications that China would draw closer to the Soviet Union as an aftermath of the pact, as well as the inevitable loss of lucrative fishing concessions from the U.S.S.R., heightened regret among influential groups in Japan.

THE international situation made the Eighth Congress of Soviets, in session at Moscow, a doubly auspicious occasion. The congress adopted the widely heralded new constitution, bringing into bold relief the contrast between socialist democracy and the reactionary dictatorships which have combined to attack it. In contrast to the war incitements, economic difficulties, and cultural obscurantism which served as keynotes for the Nazi congress at Nuremberg, the Soviet Congress dwelt on the U.S.S.R.'s peace policy, economic victories, and cultural achievements. But Hitler's Nuremberg vision of seizing the Ukraine did not go unchallenged. Countless speakers warned the Nazis that they would be beaten back on their own soil if they dared attack. "Just as a pig can never look at the sky," said N. N. Lubchenko, Premier of the Soviet Ukraine, "so Hitler will never be able to see our cabbage patch."

Reports of the Soviet Union's military prowess revealed a four-fold increase in the number of airplanes as compared with 1932, as well as significant progress in naval armament. The announcement that a second railroad line across Siberia had been completed two years ahead of schedule could have afforded little comfort to the Japanese militarists. The line's eastern terminus is the newly constructed industrial city of Komsomolsk, 125 miles north of the Manchurian border.

With the atmosphere heavily charged in the Far East as well as in Europe, preliminaries for the Inter-American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires neared completion. No indication was afforded, however, as to the specific peace measures which the United States delegation intended to propose. President Roosevelt, in a speech before the Brazilian Congress, stated, "We cannot countenance any aggression, from wherever it may come." But the attitude the President would assume toward coöperation with the League of Nations and European efforts at collective security remained a mystery. Roosevelt's overcordial treatment of Dictator Vargas, whom he greeted in a toast as "my good friend President Vargas," was not an inspiring performance. He could hardly have regarded Vargas, strongly under Nazi influence (see page 11), as well disposed toward collective action for peace on a world scale.

WITH the President thousands of miles away, the election already a thing of the dim past, and the opening of Congress six weeks off, American politics appeared to be in a state of suspended animation. Behind the scenes, however, the Congressional advance guard was reported to be feverishly setting the stage. From Washington came indications that major bills are being whipped into shape to cover the following purposes: federal aid to convert tenant farmers into farm owners, on a modest scale; a plan to provide crop insurance, probably with the farmer bearing the brunt of the cost; a new neutrality law to replace the present act when it expires May 1, with little chance of material alterations; a relief bill planned for the latter part of the session; replacement of expiring New Deal laws, particularly those covering the lending power of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and P.W.A. activities; complete reorganization of the federal administrative structure, with the prospective merging of New Deal and old-line agencies and the elimination of many bureaus; and finally a substitute of some sort for the Blue Eagle.

That the provisions of the N.R.A. would once again govern business became increasingly likely during the week, with the rising demand for regulation among business men themselves. Withdrawing from the United States Chamber of Commerce, the powerful National Retail Dry Goods Association announced itself in favor of a voluntary N.R.A., to include provisions for maximum hours, minimum wages, elimination of child labor, and a ban on false advertising and labeling. Skepticism concerning self-regulation was widespread in government circles, however, and while Secretary of Commerce Roper described the retailers' plan as "ideal" if it worked, he added significantly, "If this approach is unsuccessful, the interest of all requires that the federal government . . . take action to provide for the basic objectives of the National Recovery Act."

IF government officials were skeptical of self-regulation in business, militant labor appeared even more so as it scored major triumphs on several fronts during the week. The sit-down strike at the South Bend, Ind., plant of the Bendix Products Co. ended when the owners agreed to recognize the United Automobile Workers as their employees' agent for collective bargaining. The three-months-old strike of the Newspaper Guild against Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* was settled

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with a notable victory for the newspapermen, who gained minimum-wage demands and a forty-hour, five-day week, with no discrimination to be directed against the strikers. Completing his about-face, Hearst edged an inch or two nearer to "Jacksonian" Roosevelt by inviting the President's son-in-law, John Boettiger, to take over the publishing of the Seattle paper. Accepting with alacrity, Boettiger became the second member of Roosevelt's family to put on the livery of San Simeon.

Maritime strikers recorded substantial gains on both Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Western steam-schooner operators, controlling more than seventy ships, settled with the workers by granting all the union demands. Two New York ship lines, operating eight ships, reached agreements with all three striking groups: seamen, engineers, and masters, mates, and pilots. The settlement, signed also by the radio telegraphists, who supported the strike, provided for hiring halls under union control, an eight-hour day, and minimum wages.

In addition to the power gained from these initial breaks in the owners' front, the seamen were strengthened by the refusal of French and Mexican marine workers to unload American ships carrying scab cargo or crews. This international support helped to precipitate similar action among longshoremen in Baltimore and Brooklyn, despite the sympathy of Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association, with the shipowners and with the reactionary leadership of the I.S.U. Ryan threatened retaliatory action against French vessels, but his attitude aroused such resentment among the rank and file that it was regarded as most unlikely that he would attempt such a move.

RYAN'S stand failed to attract much attention in a week that witnessed the climax of the A.F. of L.'s reactionary conclave at Tampa. Although the convention was dominated and managed from start to finish by the diehard Executive Council (see page 5), it did not dare to expel the ten suspended C.I.O. unions. It did the next worst thing; it sustained the Executive Council's illegal suspension order, giving it the privilege of calling a special convention should it deem "more drastic procedure" advisable in the absence of a future settlement. Charles Howard, of the Typographical Union, and Max Zaritsky, of the United Hatters, Cap, & Millinery Workers, led the fight against the council's suspension order. Zaritsky also forced retraction of an anti-Semitic passage in the resolution concerning the C.I.O.

Not content with its work on the C.I.O., the council proceeded to knife almost every progressive resolution offered from the floor. Among the proposals either killed or sidetracked by the steamroller were those calling for a constitutional amendment to fix maximum hours and minimum wages in industry, a limitation on the power of the Supreme Court, a boycott against the Hearst press, an adequate youth bill, and the building of a farmer-labor party. The council further strengthened its sway over the Federation by

Robert Russin

"Pigs don't see the sky!"

gagging the federal employees' unions and by securing for itself control over the unfair-employer lists. Even the watered resolution calling for a thirty-hour week was adopted only over the opposition of William Hutcheson, tory leader of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters. The convention put the finishing touches on its work by reëlecting William Green as president.

AWAY from the labor front, progress and reaction drew about equal honors for the week. The United States Supreme Court upheld the New York State unemployment insurance act, thereby inducing many progressives to believe, without much warrant, that the federal social security law would likewise withstand the constitutional test. On the same day, the Court agreed to review the conviction of Angelo Herndon under an archaic Georgia statute dating back to reconstruction days. Twice before, the Court had rejected pleas for Herndon, and the victory was hailed as the result of untiring efforts by Herndon's defenders, particularly the International Labor Defense.

Another victory for labor was scored in Arkansas, where, practically on orders from the court, a jury convicted Paul D. Peacher of violating the law against slavery. Peacher, a peace officer, had been falsely arresting Negroes and then forcing them to work on his farm. He was sentenced to two years in prison and a fine of $3500, with an offer of probation if he paid the fine. "This is not a lone case in Arkansas," said Judge John E. Martineau in passing sentence. "It occurs frequently and it ought to be stopped."

The second Black Legion trial in Detroit resulted in five convictions for first-degree murder. The guility terrorists will be sentenced to life imprisonment for the wanton killing of Silas Coleman, whom they had shot "for the hell of it" because they "wanted to see what it felt like to kill a Negro."

On the darker side of the week's domestic news was the continued persecution of labor lawyer Leo Gallagher at the hands of the California Bar Association, the Rockefeller Foundation gift of $655,000 to Nazi "science," and the reactionary movement to recall Mayor John F. Dore of Seattle. Three of the four charges brought against Gallagher, in an effort to disbar the famous lawyer for his years of service to the cause of labor, were too flimsy to stand up, but California's reactionaries hoped to oust him on the last count, an alleged libel against a political opponent. The Rockefeller gift to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute came only a few weeks after Nazi science had established a permanent institution for the cultivation of anti-Semitism. In making the gift to the land that spurned Einstein because his science was not "German science," the Foundation proclaimed: "The world of science is a world without flags or frontiers." Its president did add, however, that the grant might not have been made originally if the Foundation "could have foreseen present conditions in Germany." The Seattle recall threat, which Dore refused to take seriously, was aimed at the mayor because of his refusal to order Seattle police to break up the Newspaper Guild picket lines in the recent strike against Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer*.

DEMONSTRATING increased mobility and improved leadership, Spanish loyalists made good the government's promise for an offensive on all fronts. With an international column and militiamen under the command of General Kleber successfully holding off the enemy's main forces on the outskirts of Madrid, loyalist raiding columns struck out for Talavera de la Reina, the site of a rebel air base well behind their lines to the southwest of the capital, as well as for Siguenza, fascist stronghold in the mountains to the northwest of the city. Burgos, which has served the rebels as a capital, was also the object of loyalist sallies from the north, and reorganized militia columns were proceeding against Oviedo and San Sebastián, important north-coast cities which fell to the fascists early in the war. Though Madrid was still exposed to air bombardment and damage from rebel artillery, pressure was definitely relieved as the loyalists launched their offensive. Reports from Segovia indicated that morale in the rebel ranks was suffering and that Carlist volunteers had clashed with members of the Fascist Phalanx in that area.

Confronted with Britain's decision to provide naval escorts for its merchantmen in Spanish waters, General Franco granted Foreign Minister Eden's petition for a safety zone for neutral vessels in Barcelona harbor. But it was anticipated, nevertheless, that Britain and France, adhering to their "neutrality" policy, would concede belligerent rights to the rebels should they attempt to enforce a blockade. To forestall such a move, the Madrid government formally appealed to the Council of the League of Nations to apply the League covenant to stop Italian and German intervention. British and French representatives at Geneva, as well as the acting president of the council, Agustin Edwards, were understood to be seeking postponement of the date for the council meeting, out of consideration for Italian and German feelings.

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Factual Fascism in Brazil

On his recent visit, the author pierced the leering mask of a false democracy

By James Waterman Wise

FASCISM has openly launched its world offensive. Discarding the flimsy camouflage of the past, its imperialist character, its predatory aim, its international scope stand self-revealed. On a dozen fronts, the free peoples and the democratic idea have been assailed in recent weeks. Italo-German recognition of Franco's "government" is of a piece with Japanese provocations in Manchukuo, with Ribbentrop's subsidies to Mosley in England, with Mussolini's bloody bombast, with the long bruited and now officially declared Tokyo-Berlin pact against the Soviet Union.

Brazil is far from these focal points of fascist aggression. Yet in recent weeks I have observed the Black International at work there, directed by the same forces that operate in Europe and Asia, employing identical techniques, moving toward the same militarist goal. There, too, the mask is dropped. The official and unofficial emissaries of Germany and Italy, and to a lesser degree Japan, flaunt their common objective; cynically they join forces with native reaction and with those would-be fascists of other countries, including those of the United States, who prey upon the Brazilian people.

No new departure, this! For years the uncolonied Italian and Nazi governments have covetously regarded the immense natural resources and potential markets of Brazil. Technically barred from overt imperialist acts by the Monroe Doctrine, they have encouraged investments on a vast scale and have buttressed these investments by every manner of diplomatic intrigue. Since 1934, however, they have shifted from oblique to direct action. Open lobbying in politics, blatant propaganda in German- and Italian-owned newspapers, financing of "Integralism"—a Brazilian fascist movement equipped with standard devices ranging from castor oil to Jew-baiting—prove that the importance of South America to their world offensive has not been overlooked in Berlin or in Rome.

What of the country and people thus menaced? By what mischance is a nation of forty-six millions, with a territory larger than the United States, and separated by an ocean from Europe, falling into the fascist trap? The answer, to paraphrase a recent casualty, lies in the fact that Brazil is *not* full of Brazilians. Its inhabitants are merely indigenous adjuncts of American, British, German, French, and Italian investment and exploitation. It is peopled by Mr. Ford's rubber workers, Signor Matarazzo's factory employees, Lazard and Co.'s mortgagees—not by Brazilians.

Nor is it governed by Brazilians. Vehemently nationalist in name, its rulers are in fact the creatures of extra-Brazilian interests. A report of the Foreign Policy Association (Vol. XI, No. 1) states: "The intervention of foreign capitalists in Brazil's political life has been exercised sometimes directly, through the grant and withdrawal of favors and the consequent exercise of influence on individual politicians; and sometimes indirectly, through the diplomatic intervention of foreign governments." To put it crudely, Brazil is not free. It is controlled by its creditors, and today its most ruthless creditors are Germany, Italy, and Japan. They are implacably driving it towards open alignment with the world fascist front.

THE CASUAL VISITOR is still informed that the United States of Brazil is a republic, operating under a constitution modeled after our own, and with a president elected by popular vote. One may even visit the Brazilian Congress now in session at Rio de Janeiro, and join in celebrating the anniversary of independence. For democracy is still nominally adhered to in Brazil. The actual tyranny which I shall describe has not yet gone the whole hog. A revolutionary tradition exists to which even the present government must pay lip-service. (Politically, doubtless, this tenuous bond with democracy is desirable, but humanly and morally the spectacle of dictatorship mouthing its love of liberty is even more revolting than fascism naked and unashamed.)

Thus, while the tourist can hardly overlook the jittery nerves of such officials as he encounters, or fail to wonder at the ubiquitous and swollen ranks of the police, he will not easily sense the terror which pervades Brazil. He is not likely to learn that the most elementary civil liberties are a dead letter in this lovely land; that freedom of speech, of assembly, of protest do not exist; that public criticism of or dissent from the government's policy leads to arrest without warrant, imprisonment without trial, subjection to police brutality; that Brazilians pointedly avoid discussion of political and social questions in the streets, the cafés—wherever they may be overheard.

Yet these are the commonplaces of Brazilian life today. A cut below, one comes upon the deeper manifestations of factual fascism. The press is subject to rigid censorship. Not only is general opposition to the government interdicted, but specific prohibitions and instructions are issued at frequent intervals. A list of twenty-two such, compiled by a resident American newspaperman in Rio de Janeiro, include the following: No speeches delivered in Congress may be reported until o.k.'d by the vice-president; no big headlines may be used on news favorable to the Spanish government; no mention of warship purchases may be made; there must be only favorable com-

Prestes's March Through the Jungle Berdecio

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ment on the congressional measures to increase the salaries of public officials!

Nor is this censorship limited to the Brazilian press. All cabled dispatches must be sanctioned. Further, a representative of the department of censorship must always be present in the office of every foreign newspaper or news service. A silent but effective reminder! Worst of all, I found that the pressure on the native and foreign press is such that it is debased into anticipating the government's desires—first submitting to, and finally coöperating with the processes of censorship.

This should furnish a clue as to why political tyranny can be practised so flagrantly; why parliamentary immunity could be so flouted that Senator Abel Chermont, outstanding liberal, and five members of the chamber of deputies are in jail for asking that political prisoners be brought to trial; why minority parties have ceased to exist; and why Congress has become a despised rubber stamp in the hands of "President" Getulio Vargas.

As to the treatment of political prisoners, the Brazilian police have no need of foreign instruction. Their activities, ranging from common brutality, through subtle torture, to "preventive" murder, are in the best tradition of the concentration camp. I write here not merely from the record—the depositions and affidavits of prisoners—but from searing memory of the bowed bodies and spirits of men who spoke in whispered horror of what they had seen—or known.

BUT IT IS in regard to the workers, and to organized labor especially, that the fascist character of the present regime is most clearly exposed. In Brazil as elsewhere, their subjection, their destruction is the first and last purpose of reaction. (As, conversely, their growth and strength are the surest safeguards of democracy.) Hence it is against the trade unions that the Vargas government turns its heaviest guns. Through revocation of charters, through dissolution of organizations, through imprisonment of leaders, every independent and militant union in Brazil has been broken.

The process began in 1931 when the Federal Ministry of Labor compelled the trade unions to register members and to permit government inspectors to attend all meetings. It was temporarily interrupted in 1934. Originating among the desperate masses who, as a result of the world crisis and the havoc it played with Brazil's coffee monoculture, were literally starving, there arose a People's Front of workers, liberals, small tradesmen, intellectuals, anti-imperialists. This National Liberation Alliance called to its leadership Luiz Carlos Prestes, who is loved and trusted by the people as no other figure in Brazilian history.

Returning from exile to head the Alliance, he evoked the solid support of the United Confederation of Brazilian Trade Unions, 500,000 strong. The program of the Alliance, which centered around the liberation of Brazil from foreign imperialism, the abolition of feudal conditions, and the defense of democratic rights, elicited tremendous popular support. A nationwide wave of strikes brought terror to the concerns and investors, native and foreign, who had so long battened on the Brazilian people. A frenzy of fear seized the financial overlords of the country. For a moment they faced the future.

Then Vargas struck.

On April 5, 1935, he forced through Congress a "National Security Act," better known as the "monstrous law," which outlawed the Alliance under the feeble pretext that it was "Communist controlled." A savage terror was unleashed against its leaders and those sympathetic to its aims. Finally, when a part of the garrison at Rio, provoked beyond endurance, revolted, Vargas seized the occasion to declare a "state of war," erected special tribunals responsible to him, and suspended all constitutional guarantees of liberty. They are still suspended.

By these means thousands of prisoners are held incommunicado; an outstanding German Communist, Arthur Ewert, and his wife have been jailed and tortured, until her recent deportation to Germany with the wife of Prestes whose prison-born baby is held in Brazil; the former mayor of Rio de Janeiro is in prison; an American boy, Victor Barron, conveniently "committed suicide" after weeks of torture in police barracks; and Prestes—the Knight of Hope, as he is reverently called by his people—awaits a trial which the government has not yet dared begin.

These are the circumstances which underlie the smashing of the labor movement in Brazil. They explain why, when I sought to meet its leaders, I was curtly informed: "The honest ones are dead or in jail; the others will try to do as much to you."

Since March of this year, the time of Prestes's arrest, an ominous calm has prevailed. Despite the terror, perhaps because of the terror, mass discontent has mounted steadily. Government prestige is declining. The moderates and the middle class are turning from it in disgust. Forced by the logic of its own oppressions, the government is moving rapidly toward open espousal of Integralism. A public alliance between Vargas and the Brazilian and German owned Integralist leaders is imminent. The coming presidential elections will see the beginning of avowed as well as factual fascism in Brazil.

This will have the following grave and far-reaching consequences throughout South America and for the United States:

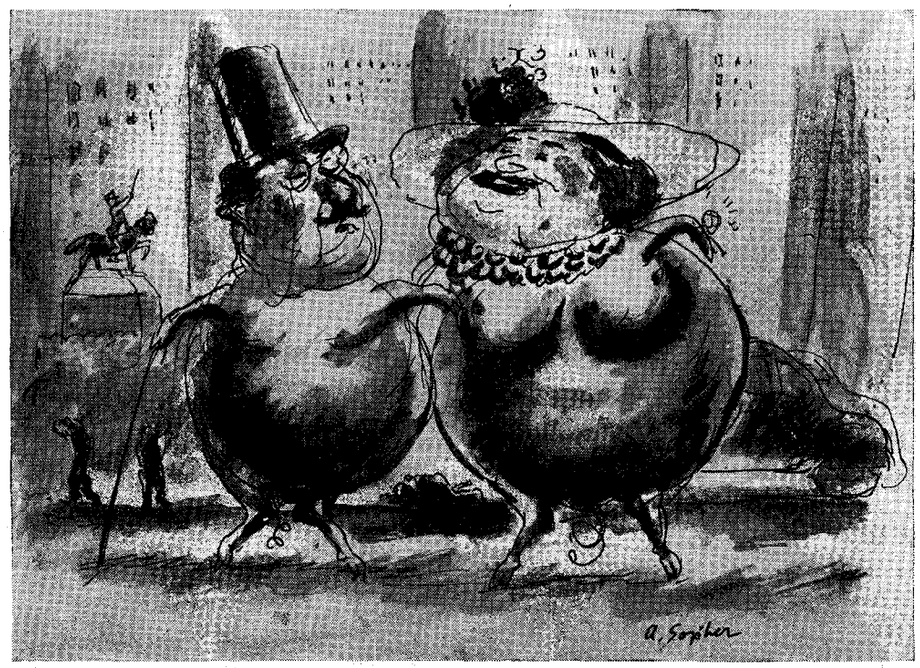
1. It will, in violation of the Monroe Doctrine, give European powers actual control of the government and foreign policy of Brazil.

2. It will provide a breeding ground for fascism in the western world and a base for its further incursions into North and South America.

3. It will inevitably draw Brazil, and possibly other South American nations, into the militarist schemes of European fascism, thus farther endangering Pan-American and world peace.

4. It will destroy the historic friendship of Brazil and the United States, for between fascist and free peoples there can be no valid basis for enduring union.

For all these reasons, most perhaps because of our growing American hatred of all fascism and our increasing awareness of its projected aggressions, we cannot ignore the struggle of the Brazilian people to be free. They look for, they need our help. Just as the American people cannot remain neutral as between the Hearst-endorsed armies of Franco and Mola on the one hand, and the broad masses of Spain led by Caballero and La Passionaria on the other, so too we must make our own the cause of Prestes, of Chermont, of Brazil, against Vargas, Hitler and Mussolini.



The Fittest — A. Sopher

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No Surrender on the Waterfront

Signs of a rift in the employers' ranks mark the fifth week of the Coast strike

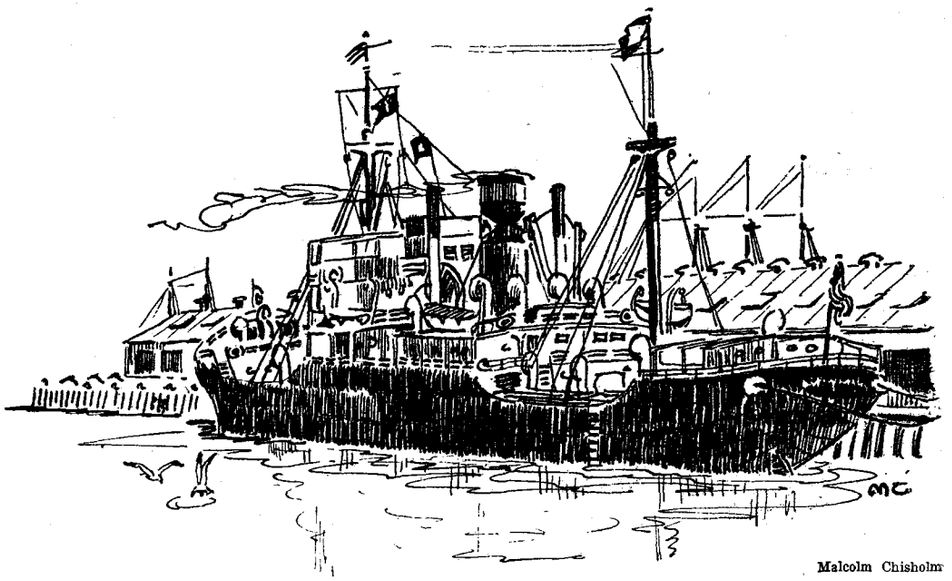
By Robert Holmes

PEACE on the San Francisco waterfront is today little closer than when the present walkout of thirty-nine thousand longshoremen and marine workers was declared four weeks ago. A settlement is prevented by the recalcitrant position of the "big three" western offshore operators, the Dollar, Matson, and American-Hawaiian lines. These companies, led by Tom Plant, Stanley Dollar, and Herbert Fleishhacker, are determined to smash the unions and block the peace which is desired by the workers and the coastal and eastern and foreign lines. The latter companies have on more than several occasions made efforts to come to an agreement with the unions, recognizing the strikers' demands as just and possible to grant, but always the way is barred by the "big three."

It is difficult for those on the outside to understand why this minority group of shipowners takes the position it does when business is better than it has been in years and profits are higher and subsidies under the new Copeland Act will be more bountiful than ever. But to those who have followed the situation closely and appreciate the larger aspects and political implications of the picture, the answer is simple. The hatred that Plant and company have for Harry Bridges (the longshoremen's chief and a leading figure of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific) personally and the militant, uncompromising kind of trade unionism he represents has brought about the present impasse.

It is a curious condition that exists. The Plant group, dearly as it loves profits, is sacrificing those profits to gain what it thinks will be a more profitable position in the future. Even more, it seems willing to lose money for the sake of principle: the elimination of the Bridges-led unions in which it sees the "Red hand of Moscow," and the surrender of its business to these "lawless elements." The shipowners' fear is evidenced by their parrot-like refrain, "We demand the right to hire and fire as we please, and who [sic] we please." Their shortsightedness and downright stupidity prevents them from realizing that the unions are here to stay. It is a species of wishful thinking that urges the employers to continue their present stand, hoping that they can banish the workers' organizations from the waterfront. All too soon they have forgotten 1916 and 1919 and 1921, when the men struck and lost and the unions were disrupted, only to reorganize and win in 1934 the greatest and most significant labor fight since the 1919 steel strike.

Harry Bridges stated the situation very pertinently not long ago: "The unions may be eliminated for a year or so, but they will be back and the employers will have to contend with them because they represent a crying need of the workers. The maritime unions are permanent fixtures on the waterfront."



Malcolm Chisholm

The truth of Bridges's remarks is accepted by the coastal operators, headed by Joe Lunny of the McCormick Lines, and by the eastern and foreign operators, led by E. T. Ford of the Grace Line. The former group, through the medium of the Shipowners' Association of the Pacific, has just reopened negotiations with the strikers as this is written, while the latter group offered a separate peace to the workers before the strike was called. They know that they must deal with the unions, and they are not blinded by the same vitriolic hatred that motivates the Plant group. This last remark is not overstatement, for already the word is out among business houses who want a settlement that "Tom Plant is punch-drunk and totally useless as a negotiator any longer." A move is on foot [November 27] to take the show away from Plant and his reactionary associates, and if it is successful, the tie-up may be over in a few days.

When viewed from even the business man's point of view, the demands of the strikers represent only the retention of things they now enjoy, and the establishment of a few new minimum conditions for the seafaring workers. The longshoremen want to keep their hiring hall. The unlicensed seafaring workers, seamen, marine firemen, and marine cooks and stewards, want the shipping hall recognized (they have it now in fact) to eliminate otherwise certain blacklisting, and cash payment for overtime instead of time off. Cooks and stewards want an eight-hour day, and all strikers want preference of employment.

The shipping hall for the unlicensed seafaring workers is the major obstacle. Along with maintaining existing conditions, this strike is to win this demand for these workers who came out of the 1934 strike with less than the longshoremen. Bridges and his union are standing together with all the other crafts to insure the establishment of such a shipping hall. The longshoremen were offered everything they asked if they would sign a separate agreement. Recognizing this as merely an attempt by the operators to divide and rule, the longshoremen refused to settle until the demands of all the striking unions were met by all the employers at the same time. Unity of action by the workers won the 1934 strike and it will win the present one. Harry Bridges is as able a strategist as he is militant a leader. He can neither be maneuvered nor forced into deserting the other unions.

What are the facts of this shipping-hall issue? They are almost the same as those which surrounded the hiring-hall fight of the longshoremen in 1934. The shipping hall is necessary to rotate the work among the available seamen, to prevent graft in securing a job, and to prevent discrimination. The shipowners' cry is that "We are responsible for the safety of passengers and cargo at sea and therefore we should hire the men as we see fit." The truth exposes these statements as so many meaningless mouthings. In the good old days of the operators' paradise, when they hired men as they saw fit, landlubbers with letters from some company official or stowaways worked the ships. The owners' regard

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for the safety of the passengers resulted in the *Morro Castle* and *Vestris* disasters.

If "safety" and "responsibility" were the issue, the shipowners would quickly grant the shipping hall. Seafaring workers shipping from Pacific ports, all of them members of one of the marine unions, have an average of two and a half years' experience at sea. Their job is to work the ships. They don't go along just for the ride. New union applicants are carefully checked for character and ability. The members are disciplined. The ships are safe with these men. But the employers, and particularly the "big three," don't want to recognize the halls because that means a surrender of their plan to smash the unions, first the maritime groups, then the longshoremen.

The ship-owners' plan was to have a sit-down strike of their own. They figured they could hold out until January 1 or later. During that time, a barrage of publicity was to be unleashed against the strikers. Already leaflets bearing the captions "Bridges Is a Rat" and "Bridges Lies" and "Hell on the Front" have been broadcast over the Embarcadero. Smugly, the employers believed that public sentiment could be aroused against the workers with the assistance of their ally the press. Provocateurs continued their evil work among the unions. The trial of Earl King, militant secretary of the Marine Firemen, and two of his associates on fabricated charges of murder was rushed in Alameda County by District Attorney Earl Warren, Hoover aide and friend of the Plant group. Warren, with his gubernatorial ambitions, was eager to oblige his shipowner friends in this malicious effort to discredit the waterfront movement by a case which parallels the Mooney frameup.

THE shipowners received help from other sources. In the East, Joe Ryan, after promising support of the West Coast walkout, sent I.L.A. men to docks which he termed "fair," thereby joining the Grange-Olander-Hunter group in scabbing on the seamen's strike. The food scare has been raised in Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands, and even in San Francisco. In Los Angeles, a federal court issued an injunction directing the United States marshal to remove a cargo of bananas from the strike-bound United Fruit boat, *California*. Mayor Rossi led the plea of the Conference of Mayors for "arbitration." Police patrol the waterfronts from San Diego to Seattle. The National Guard stands ready on a moment's notice to join the effort to break the strike.

Meanwhile Ryan's sell-out has been brightly illuminated by the solidarity action of French longshoremen in refusing to unload the *Washington* (whose sailing from New York was supposed to have signified the "breaking" of the East Coast tieup), and the federal government has concluded a special agreement with the West Coast unions for sending food ships to Alaska, under terms substantially in agreement with the strike demands.

Why has the strike been so quiet? The first and most important reason the shipowners have not tried to bring in strikebreakers is that there are not enough available to help them appreciably in breaking the strike. All the longshoremen and marine workers are union members now. The scabs were driven from the waterfront after the 1934 strike. The timber workers are unionized now and offer no source for strikebreakers. The only thing the employers could do is what they are doing—sitting it out and waiting for sentiment to turn against the strikers—of course with the skillful direction of the employers' agents.

Adolf Dehn

"I say, old man, you ought to wear your overcoat, you know."

But the strikers, too, are in a position to sit it out—if necessary, until April. They have their picket lines and port strike committees organized and working efficiently. A Pacific Joint Strategy Committee directs the entire strike up and down the coast. Strikers are fed in a food kitchen, the "Maritime Palace," where the cooking is done by chefs off the luxury liners *Lurline* and others. A legal defense has been set up, but as yet no strikers have been arrested. All the unions have rallied to the defense of the King case. Plans are being made to send delegates to other ports to combat Ryan's sell-out tactics.

And the press has not turned viciously against the strikers. Waterfront stories are now written by sympathetic and understanding reporters carrying Guild cards. The San Francisco *News* and *Chronicle* have just concluded agreements with the Guild and, with the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* victory, it looks now as if even Hearst will be whipped into line. The stories that these newsmen are turning in contain the facts, and for a change the San Francisco papers are printing something of the truth. The food scare in San Francisco collapsed when the warehousemen, affiliated with the I.L.A., concluded an agreement with grocery warehouses granting all the demands. The Alaskan and Hawaiian food scares, largely fictitious, have failed to take hold. The banana injunction was dissolved when the United States marshal refused to carry it out. Provocateurs on the 'front are being exposed daily. The strikers know most of them and have asked the Maritime Commission and the LaFollette Committee to investigate. An employers' fake paper, *Maritime Mirror*, has been driven from the waterfront and forced to suspend publication.

Most significant of all, the Shipping Merchants' Association, representing 95 percent of the importers and exporters, and the companies who pay the freight, have refused to side with the shipowners. They don't intend to let the Plant group jeopardize their profits. This action should have the effect of forcing the latter into granting the unions' demands. Particularly is this true in view of the fact that the request of the employers and mayor for arbitration has been cleverly exposed and sidetracked by the unions.

But if trouble comes and force is used in an effort to open the port, the strikers are organized and ready to fight. Harry Bridges voices the sentiments of thirty-nine thousand men: "We know that troops and machine guns may move in here again and we know that won't be any fun. But we'd rather take a crack at the machine guns than go back to the conditions as they were before 1934."

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"Let Us Educate and Explain"

A noted American author addresses the congress of western writers

By Upton Sinclair

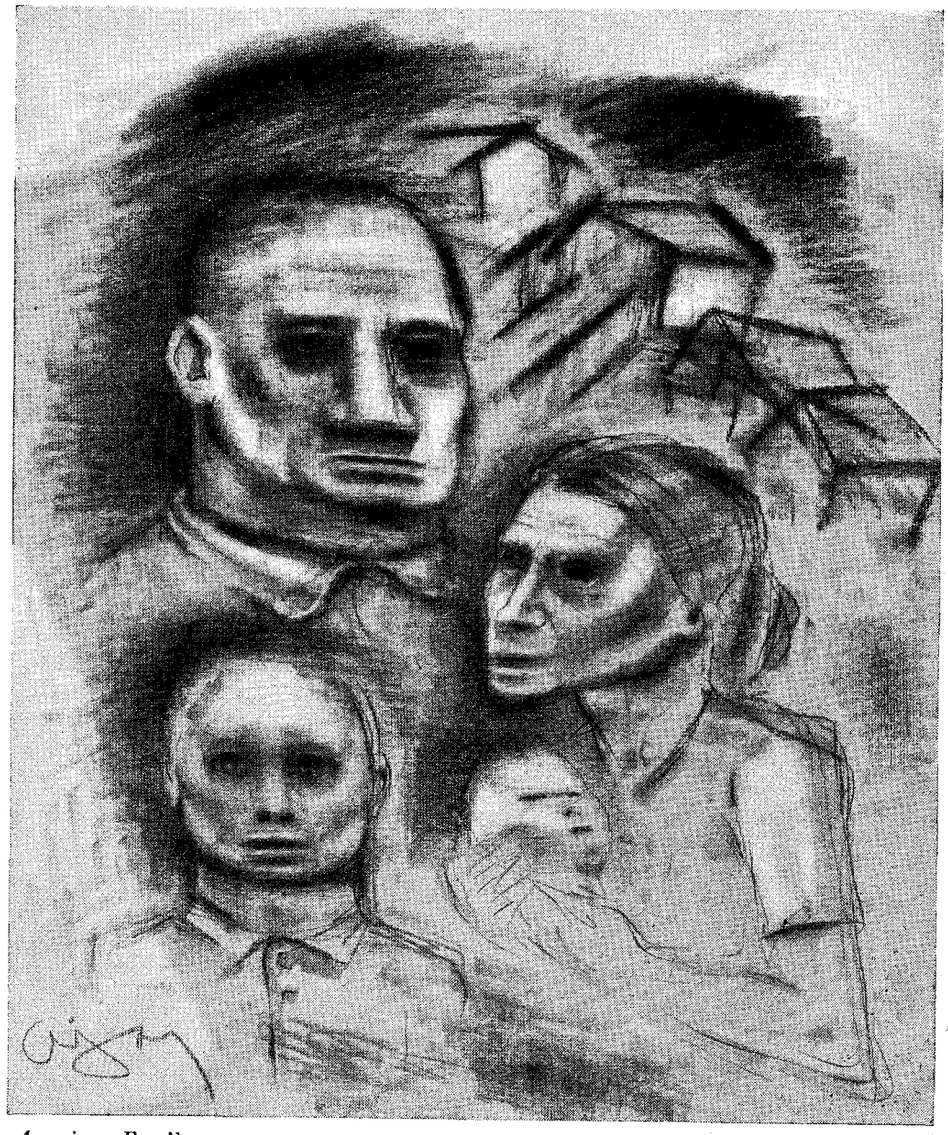
COMING up to these Bay cities, so magically made one—in the last day or two traveling around these cities, crowded as they are, they seem lonely to me, because there are some people gone from them who can never be replaced. I go to places in San Francisco, and there I see George Sterling; I go over to Oakland and I see Jack London; then I come back, perhaps to the old *Bulletin* office, or to the Palace Hotel, and there is Fremont Older. Then there is Lincoln Steffens, more or less all over this city; and you must admit it would be hard to replace those men.

George Sterling was perhaps my dearest friend. He was a great poet. His poetry is a little out of fashion with the critics just now, because frequently it is possible to understand what he meant—not always, but frequently. Some day I believe the taste for comprehensibility in poetry may return, and then people will realize that we have in George Sterling, not merely a great California poet, but a great American poet. He was, incidentally, one of the kindest and sweetest-natured men; and he was very unhappy, because it seemed to him that the troubles and sorrows of the human race were irremediable. Sometimes I guess I was a sore trial to him. I know once my wife asked him for a definition of a pessimist, and he looked at her significantly and said: "A person who has to live in the house with an optimist." There you have the life story of three souls. But life became so painful to George that he could not stand it, and he took himself away in time to miss Mussolini and Hitler, whom he would not have enjoyed.

Jack London and I carried on a correspondence all our writing lives. We did not always agree. Jack was a man who had a war in his soul; he had difficulty in making up his mind whether he was a great revolutionary writer or whether he was a landed gentleman—he would be one or the other alternately. You know he made a great prophecy in *The Iron Heel*. It has proved good for Italy and Germany. I hope it doesn't prove good for America; but it may, and if it does, then of course the books of Jack London, along with the books of the writers on this platform, will be burned—and perhaps the writers also.

Fremont Older was a man who fought valiantly, not only for truth and honesty in public life, but also for the much rarer virtues of humanity and kindness. He did not always have his mind clear, but he was a brave and gallant man. And in the end—well, I found myself feeling that he lived about one year too long. I visited him in his home in the last weeks of our EPIC campaign, and it was one of my ways of proving my love for him that I did not mention what was being published in his papers. When I think of him in the last few months, I am glad that he did not live to see the effort of his paper to transplant a sunflower from Kansas into the garden of the United States.

And then Lincoln Steffens. One of the first things I wrote on public questions was an open letter to Lincoln Steffens. Those of you who are curious may read about it in *The Brass Check*. Steffens's historic job was to make the people of America realize that graft was not caused by evil men but by an evil system. That was a great function to perform, and back about thirty-three years ago I wrote him a letter in which I tried to make him see the remedy for the evils he was exposing. I could not get the letter published at that time. Steffens was interested, but the *American Magazine*, which was then Steffens's organ, would not publish it. Then I took it to *Collier's*, and I have told in *The Brass Check* about old Peter Collier. I was at his home for dinner, and he came and put his arm around me and said: "You are a bright young man, and you have a good idea,



American Family A. Ajay

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but why don't you put it in a book? Why do you want to put it in my magazine and take away my half million subscribers?" Well, he kept his half million subscribers, and both *Collier's* and the *American* quit trying to enlighten the American people.

Lincoln Steffens went abroad and saw Russia, and about eight years ago, in Los Angeles, he said to me: "Upton, all my life you have been urging me to take a line. Do you still think that?" I said, "Yes," and he took a line. It was not quite my line—he went farther to the Left than I thought I should go. But he always was kind and gentle, and shrewd, and he wrote that beautiful story of his life, which will make him one of our classic American philosophers.

When I was a youth I learned a poem by George Eliot, "The Choir Invisible," dealing with the kind of immortality I believe in. I don't know about the other kind, but this is real and we see it—the immortality of our souls in the minds and souls of those we leave behind us. Those four men I have been talking about have that kind of immortality. They have it here when I talk about them and when your hearts are warm with what you remember about them; I think it will be a long time before the people of California have advanced so far that they can afford to forget those four immortals of our state. What I want to say to the young writers here is to go to work and earn that kind of immortality in the minds and consciences of your own generation and of the generation which will come after you.

When I was a little boy in Baltimore I lived a great deal in the home of my grandfather. He was a Methodist deacon, and three times a day I had to bow my head while grandfather closed his eyes and said grace before meat: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly grateful." That, you see, was a very short grace, and for that the hungry little boy was truly grateful. When I grew older and came into the socialist movement, I had the idea of a socialist grace. So I will close my eyes and you bow your heads, and I will recite to you my socialist grace: "To those whose unrequited toil has produced this food, we dedicate the energies which we derive from it."

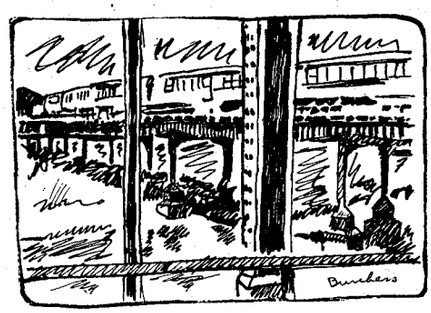
Now there is food which little boys and others eat at table, and there are other kinds of food no less important to human beings. There is the food of the spirit and the intellect; there is the food of culture. What I have to say to the young writers of the western states is that they derive that food from the unrequited toil of hard-working people of the land in which they live; and for that they owe a great debt of gratitude, and they owe a service in return. I wish that the young writers when they sit at their typewriters would remember that socialist grace, and say it: "To those whose unrequited toil has produced my leisure and my culture, my education and my opportunities of enjoyment and of growth and understanding, the most prescious things of life—to those whose unrequited toil has produced those foods I dedicate the energies which I am about to put into this writing."

What I am saying is not just a metaphor or pretty phrase. I beg you to realize it is a literal fact of the world in which we live, that writers cannot live without food, shelter and clothing, typewriters, paper, and the various comforts of life; and men slave in steel mills, and work on docks, ill paid; women and children work in sweatshops; depression comes and millions are out of employment, and are set to wandering over the country as beggars and tramps, and our nation drifts toward a dreadful cataclysm, every step of which we have seen traced for us, first in Italy and then in Germany, and now in Spain.

NEVER in all the history of the world has there been a time when conscience and a sense of responsibility and duty to mankind are more urgently called for among writers and intellectuals and cultured people of every sort. It is impossible, even if I possessed the eloquence of a Dante, to portray to you or to exaggerate to you the horrors which lie in the immediate future as a possibility to us, and to all the other civilized people of the world. Al Capone, buried over there in that dungeon of Alcatraz in your Bay, is a statesman—a scholar and a statesman—compared to the men who are running Italy and Germany today.

Some twelve or more years ago my books were suppressed in Italy, and three or four years ago they were burned in Germany, and just the other day I read that they had been thrown out of all the libraries in Austria. You may say that is my trouble, and the trouble of other writers to whom it has happened. But it is more than that. It is your trouble because you cannot read books you might like to read; it is the trouble of every free soul, of every intellectual, of every thinking person, of every spiritual person and lover of humanity in the entire world.

During the late World War I had a phrase by which I described my conception of the German general staff and the system of that period: "The beast with the brains of an engineer." That beast is loose in Spain now, and the engineer brains have produced instruments of killing beyond anything known before. Every thinking person in the world has to fear those powers of slaughter, and do his part in working out the method of chaining and killing that beast. It is down on the cards that what is being done in Spain will be done next in France and in Belgium. With the support of the British tories they will try to do it in Britain, and at last the time may come when the only free and democratic country is the one now held up to us as a dictatorship: Soviet Russia.



Burchess

I don't want those things to come, and I don't believe they are coming. I do believe that the people have to be warned about them ceaselessly and continuously, and that is the duty of every intellectual in the free countries of the world today. I believe that democracy has the resources within itself—the intellectual resources and the spiritual resources. I believe they are being shown tonight at the gates of Madrid, and will be shown all over the territory of Spain, which is still free and not under the heel of those bloody brutes; I believe that little by little, as the people of Britain and the Scandinavian countries, and America, come to realize what this danger is, and what it means to them—I believe organization will take place, and education will take place, and the free people will rally. It is a part of that process that you are here tonight, and that the speakers on this platform have been pleading with you, and the writers of the western part of the United States are getting together to think as one, and to speak as one, and to act as one against this peril.

All the rest I have to say can be said briefly. When you wish to fight a beast which has the brains of an engineer, you have also to have the brains of an engineer. If you go out to meet bombs and machine guns and poison gas with bows and arrows you are lost. So we in this country have to study technique—the technique of democracy. We have to persuade the people of this country to understand what democracy really means; we have to repel the insolence of the idea that Americanism means capitalism; we have to defend our constitution and bill of rights against the men who in the name of the constitution defile it and seek to destroy it. We have to defend our flag against the hirelings of capitalists who try to make it mean enslavement for the workers and for the whole people; we have to go out and make our people understand what true Americanism is, and what the traditions of our country are. We have to repeat to them the forbidden words of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, founders of the Democratic and Republican parties respectively, both of whom would turn over in their graves if they knew the treason to democracy and to the republic and to the rights of the people which goes on in our country under the banners of those old parties.

THE reason I am saying all this to young writers, and to those interested in writers, is because it is a temptation to abandon that heritage to the enemy. They have been so bold and so successful in taking possession of our constitution and our flag and our history and our tradition, that we are apt to go off to some other country to seek examples of

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love of freedom, and for intelligent understanding of the problems of self-government; but, my friends, we can remain Americans and still be free, and we can believe in democracy and make our fight for democracy and still speak the American language.

Of course, we must consider all foreign ideas. As intelligent people it is our job to study all ideas and select the good ones. But I say, let us not leave out American ideas entirely. Go back and study our history and learn from Jefferson that human beings are not born booted and spurred to ride the backs of other human beings. Learn from Abraham Lincoln, who said that labor comes before capital, and that people possess the right to overthrow a government which deprives them of their liberties.

You know of the effort we made in California to solve our American problem in an American way, and I am not going to take any time to talk about that; I assume you know what I am talking about. I am trying to say to you young writers, whatever ideas you take up, let them be in accord with the spirit of our people, our ways of thinking, our ways of acting, and our political institutions. If we do that we will have and can keep the masses on our side, and there will be no chance for fascism in the United States. If we educate our people and explain to them the heroic struggle being waged in Spain tonight, all the lying power of all the capitalist press in the United States will not be able to keep the people of the United States from understanding and sympathizing. That is our task, and those are the things which I urge upon western writers.

Maurice Becker

WHAT PRICE ALLEGIANCE?

"Slashing of W.P.A. projects begins"—News Item

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The Great Quarter-Century

A resolute revolutionary viewpoint, says a former editor, has kept us growing stronger

By Robert Minor

THE NEW MASSES has lived through the biggest quarter-century of all time. It could not have come into being at any other period. It was the first prison-break of American capitalism's "gifted people"—the first collective Mutiny of Talent. It was the beginning of the social phenomenon that is now in deep process—the losing of the allegiance of its intellectuals by the American bourgeoisie. Capitalist society can see its doom when that organic part of it, its intelligentsia, ceases to be its defense apparatus, just as feudal France should have read its doom in the Encyclopædists.

Inevitably, the *Masses* came at a time of changing illusions and disillusionments, the period of transition from Theodore Roosevelt to Woodrow Wilson, the time of Bill Haywood and the Paterson strike, the Ludlow massacre, the New York hunger riots, occupations of churches by the unemployed, the ascendancy of the I.W.W. and anarcho-syndicalism. Just as inevitably it came as a chaos of tendencies. Arturo Giovannitti said: 'It was an effort to beat all isms into one: indeed it was socialistic, anarchistic, syndicalistic, feministic, optimistic, and pessimistic and all sorts and varieties of istics. The *Masses* was neither of Marxian nor of trade-union nor proletarian birth, but a medium of æsthetic as well as political protest for a generation of intellectuals and artists to whom a bourgeois press had become a valley of death. Necessarily it had within it the decadence of bohemianism, as well as the "direct actionism" that was a hazy semi-anarchistic revolt from the drab opportunism of the Socialist Party.

But from its early days the *Masses* declared itself to belong to the proletariat, and laid claim to Marxism.

Logically, the *Masses* was produced by that decade which produced also the world war. The smell of war was in the air. John Reed, best of all war correspondents, was the life of the *Masses*—writing first from Mexico, and then from the seat of war in Europe. In the paper was expressed the mass hatred of war which at first could not but be mixed with pacifist illusions. A genuine revolutionary instinct for internationalism was in it, even if warped by an Anglo-American bias that caused it very nearly to be sucked into the whirlpool of Woodrow Wilsonism that swallowed some of its editors, and very nearly completely gulped down its chief editor.

But the test of war was not completed when the great test of October 1917 came, and the *Masses* straightened down its keel and sailed straight ahead with red colors flying. One of the finest pages in the history of the time was a capacity of this Mutiny of the Talented to cast off the crudest illusions of bourgeois reformism, of anarchism and bohemian flabbiness. Changing its name from the *Masses* to the *Liberator* under pressure of the law, it became for our country the popular symbol of revolutionary socialism.

That was the first heroic epoch of this paper we call now the NEW MASSES. The paper tended to become then what we believe it must fully be and remain—the outstanding organ of the æsthetic-intellectual world made strong and sure-footed by the Marxist-Leninist light upon its path, and made free by the same light. In its earliest days and later, it has gone through a series of hard tests, the study of which would be enlightening for all the men of art and letters of America. The test of war and of the "Ten Days That Shook the World" were followed by less spectacular probations. Bohemia still had some eggs to hatch: the editor of the time undertook to "adjust" the science of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin to what he chose to call the "latest discoveries of modern science," i. e., Sigmund Freud taken out of the clinic and made a prophet of "social science." It was seriously proposed to "correct" the science of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin that dealt with mass phenomena with the "science" of individual psychology of a sick Bohemia. Surplus value and the class struggle were to be modified by the hypothesis of the "libido." But the *Masses-Liberator*-NEW MASSES survived this trial and came through.

The inevitable presence of a social pessimism along with revolutionary proletarian optimism in this conglomerate was proven when the little buzzard of Trotzkyism began to hatch in the arm-chair of the former chief editor—but this bird was smothered in its nest.

Not all of those who played a more or less positive role in its past will be present at the quarter-century birthday party of the NEW MASSES. We speak very frankly of their absence, and of their presence in the camp of the enemy, and we are unashamed. It had to be so in this quarter-century of the shaking and breaking and remaking of men, where few individuals can see across the mountains, and little more than the mass is permanent. It is often said of outstanding men, that we love them for the enemies they make; we love the NEW MASSES for the renegades it has cast off.

But there will be no empty chairs at the NEW MASSES birthday party. The young have come in legions. The NEW MASSES begins its second quarter-century with stronger, more closely marshaled ranks than ever before.

It needs ranks as firm as the Spanish militia on the barricades of Madrid. In 1936 the NEW MASSES stands facing the second World War, as in 1914 it faced the first. Seasoned as a veteran of the biggest quarter-century that men have ever lived, it faces with a bold sureness of mind and hand, problems that differ from those of 1914 and 1917 and the 1920's. History gives only principles, and these principles must be applied in living form to a new and live situation. The world of twenty-five years ago has ceased to be. By our victories we have created a new world situation in which the cause of socialism holds as its fort the most powerful state among nations—the socialist state that is the organizer of the peace of the world.

Soriano

If anyone wonders how it is that the NEW MASSES has stood these tests, and has come bold and clean through it all, let me tell you that it is because at every point of shock, from 1917 until today, the NEW MASSES has not ceased to have and to cherish the strength of the revolutionary party. Collective revolutionary thought has triumphed over the bohemian anarchism that came into the conglomerate from the decay of the old society, and because the NEW MASSES has turned always resolutely from the eclecticism that has played such havoc with our best-meaning friends of the Socialist Party.

Why can't Matthew Woll run a rival NEW MASSES to serve his cause with the fire and the light? Because fire and light don't spring from ice and snow and fog!

And this is also the reason why Norman Thomas has to say: "The Communists have captured the cultural front." Can anyone imagine the brilliant flame of the NEW MASSES harnessed to the service of slandering the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics?

It is possible that a Goethe could stalk through the decades of the French revolution at the side of the Duke of Weimar. But don't deceive yourselves, artists! Your song is as empty as the empty wind in these days of a mass-world and a mass art, if you don't hear socialism—if you don't hear democracy, and raise your cry on the barricades in defense of life. Do you love life well enough to sing of it? Then your heart is in Madrid!

This is what we learn from the NEW MASSES which has lived through the biggest quarter-century in the history of the world.

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Polemic in the Trenches

Our correspondent in the front before Madrid exchanges shouts across no-man's land with the fascist spokesmen

By Pablo de la Torriente-Brau

ONE day in October I engaged in a polemic with the enemy. The platform was a parapet on a rock. The setting was the heavy and ominous night air; my adversary a priest in arms; the audience, militiamen of the People's Front on the one side, and on the other, insolent fascists, members of the Spanish Phalanx, civil guards, and mutinous officers; the applause, the din of machine-gun fire. We arrived at the parapet as night fell. Later the waning moon would appear. The spot had received a new designation in local geography. It was called the "Crag of the German" in honor of a German Communist who had died there on August 4 defending the position, which dominated a small valley. The *milicianos* did not remember his name. Someone thought it was Hans.

The point opposite us had also received a new designation. The fascists were there and we dominated them from our outposts on several rocky hills at a distance of from 350 to 500 meters. They called their advanced position "the parapet of death." We knew that from some of their men who had come over to our side. As soon as the darkness permitted, heads appeared above the rival parapets and the battle was on.

"Rojillos! [Reds]," they shouted. "Did you eat today? Have you smoked?"

"Of course, fascists! We had more chicken than we could eat. Come and get some."

"Say there, *Rojillos!* Since when haven't you been to Madrid?"

"Fascists, speak clearly, *coño!* Why, you don't even have spirit to shout."

Then came the period for mutual boasting of victories.

"Say, you sons of Passionaria, have you heard about Toledo? If you can go to Madrid so easily, why don't you go to Toledo, which is so much nearer?"

"Fascists, we haven't time. We're so busy beating the stuffing out of you that there's not enough time. We have to rest sometimes. Have you heard what happened at Monte Aragon? They're hiding the truth from you, fascists."

There was one marked difference in the opposing valleys. Among us, anyone who wanted to, spoke. From their side two or three voices at most were heard. Not that they were more disciplined, because when we wanted not more than one to speak for us, that happened. There was less enthusiasm on their side.

The argument shifted to subjects the enemy was touchy about.

"Listen, fascists, your Aquarium has been finished off." (The Aquarium is a luxurious café in Madrid.) "And now we sleep in the homes of your dukes and counts. . . ."

"Yes, that's what you're after all right, *canallas!* Loafers, that's what you are, not workers. Don't worry, we'll soon take Madrid."

"Say there, fascists, why don't you first take Gascones, which is so much smaller and closer? You remember what happened on the twenty-second, don't you?"

"Rojillos, you sons of bitches, *cabrones!"*

And a fusillade from their machine guns spattered our parapet. They hadn't liked our reference to September 22. (On that day the militia stopped the fascist advance at Santa Cruz.) And the attack continued.

"Listen, Calvo, you fascist." (Calvo was a priest who generally acted as their spokesman.) "You're a Spaniard, aren't you? How much are you paying the Italian airmen and the Germans of the anti-aircraft? What did the women and children ever do to you? And why, oh Christians, did you bring the Moors? And answer this, Reverend Father! Why are *you* firing shrapnel?"

And they answered, "We are fighting for a new Spain and the Italians and Germans and the Moors have come because we have the support of the entire world. We will also fight for labor. But we want a Spain for all, not for the few, as you fellows do—you who call yourselves workers and who do not want to work. Behind our parapet order reigns."

Getz

"Of course—the order of the cemeteries," yelled one of our fellows.

Then our lieutenant said to me, "Comrade, you ought to speak to them. You come from abroad. Let them hear what people think outside of Spain."

I was ready and they announced me with a clamor: "Hey, fascists! There is a Cuban newspaper man here and he can tell you a few things that may interest you. So shut up for a while. Enough of your blabber."

There was silence and I began.

"Comrades and you fascists, too," I yelled. I knew that my voice filled the valley and reached the farther parapets of Gandulla. "I am a newspaper man from America. I come from Cuba, from the United States, from Belgium, and from France, and I can tell you about Canada too. The whole world is against you. Working people in Havana, in New York, in France, and in Belgium are with Madrid. They are contributing their last savings for the militia. They are sending ships loaded with overcoats, shoes, and hospital equipment. From Scotland ambulances have been sent, and from Mexico rifles and millions of cartridges—these cartridges with which we are now shooting you. But that's not all. You have Italian and German mercenaries paid by Hitler and Mussolini, but we have the liberty-loving Germans and Italians on our side. This rock, which you have never been able to capture, is named for a German comrade. The *canalla* of the earth are on your side, but the people, those who love freedom, are on ours. You still have a chance. Those of you whose hands are calloused can still pass to our side and we will receive you with open arms. The rest, the parasites and traitors, should prepare to die because there is no hope for them. Don't let anyone fool you. There is no hope for you. We are more and we are better. That's all, fascists."

My news had its effect, because silence followed and there were not even catcalls. From our side came teasing voices.

Then someone spoke up from their parapet. "Say there, Calvo will speak. Listen well and see whether you can answer him."

The priest spoke: "Oh, you newspaper man, what you have said is a pack of lies. Why is it that if all America is with you Uruguay has broken relations with Madrid and is going

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to recognize the legitimate government of Burgos? Those that are with Madrid are the trash of America. God creates you and the devil joins you. And learn how not to tell lies. Come on now, answer that if you can."

The comrades prodded me. "Come on, answer him right away so that they won't think they're right."

"Listen, fascists, do you hear me? I am going to answer your man. Why don't you think up some harder questions? You should show more talent with all of your studies. Governments are one thing and the people are another. The dictator of my country, who is hated by the people, may be with your General Franco, but from Cuba come dollars to buy bullets to be used against you. In France I saw a half million people demanding that cannons and airplanes be sent to Spain, and in Belgium, where the government prevented Passionaria from speaking, the people in the streets received her with enthusiasm. Where the people have governments they want, things are different. From Russia comes food and clothing and from Mexico bullets come—ammunition. Now are you happy, fascists!"

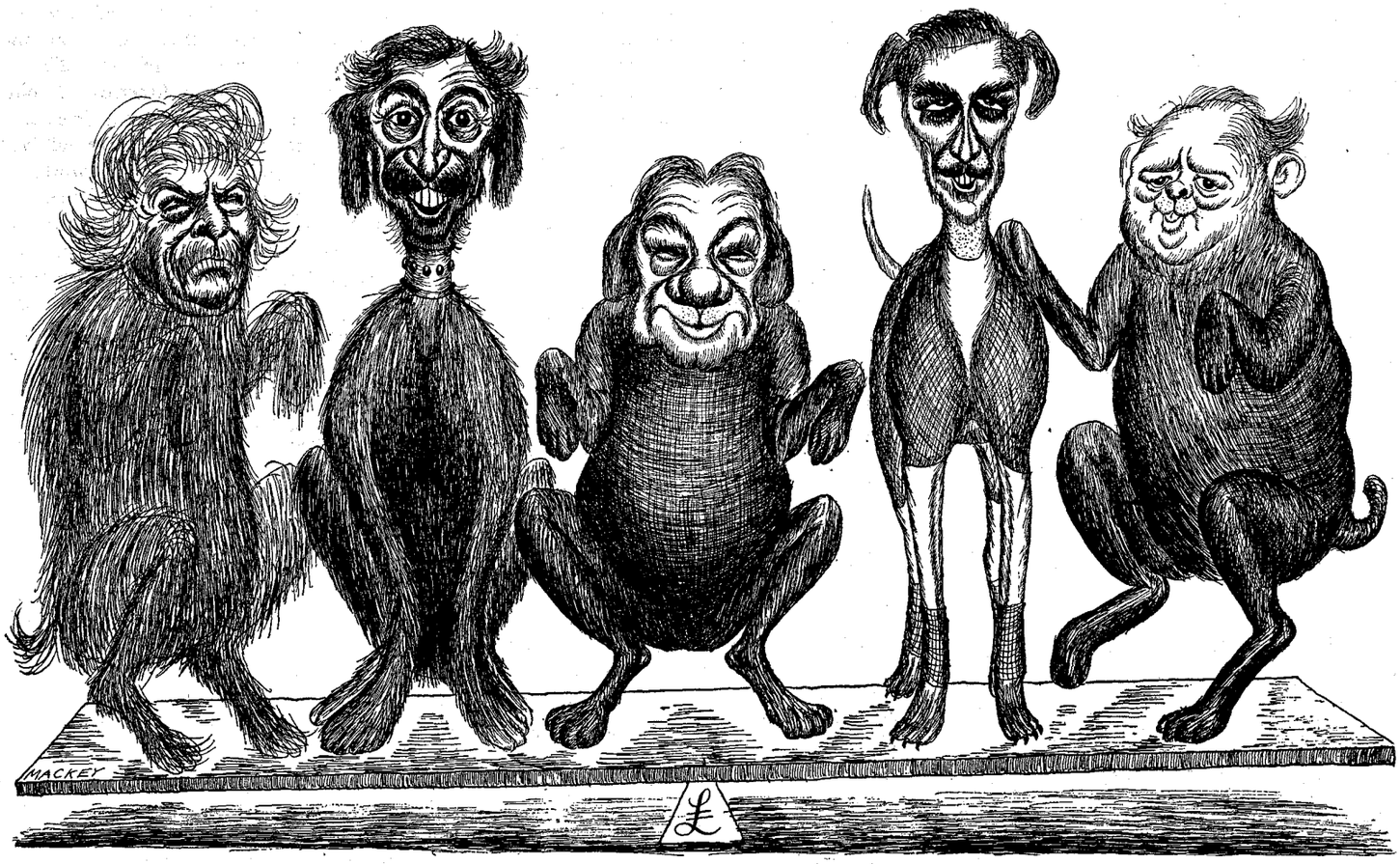
Again there was silence on the enemy parapet. "You gave it to them that time," said a comrade. "They don't know what to answer." Another said, "Not only are they in the wrong, but they're jackasses besides." The shouting was renewed and our lieutenant frowned. He observed that one of the enemy voices sounded as if it were much closer than the rest. He walked among the men in the outpost and ordered them to prepare their hand grenades.

The voice of Calvo was heard again above the others, in a challenge to me. "Listen, Cuban, how dare you attack us for using Italian airplanes while you boast that you yourselves are shooting Mexican bullets? Answer that now. Come on, you are only a bunch of fakers, and would do better not mixing into the affairs of Spaniards."

I shouted back, "So you want to know what the difference is between an Italian tri-motor and the Mexican bullet, do you? I'll tell you! These Italian bombers that you're using are the same that slaughtered the population of Ethiopia and you who claim to be patriots have brought in these planes to make of Spain another Ethiopia. The whole world knows what an Italian airplane means today and you, too, know this. But you don't know what a Mexican bullet means and I am going to explain that to you. The Mexican bullet has never meant the conquest or suppression of a people. A Mexican bullet has always symbolized the struggle for freedom of peoples. For us Latin Americans, Mexican bullets symbolize the struggle against imperialism, which has enslaved our countries. That's why we are proud to shoot you with Mexican bullets paid for by the working people of Mexico. These bullets are used not to oppress but to free. That's the difference between Italian airplanes and Mexican bullets. Good night, fascists. . . ."

This time the reply came in no uncertain terms. Our parapet was plowed up by rifle and machine-gun fire. The lieutenant said to me, "I guess we won this battle." But he was worried. The night was dark and he feared a surprise.

But a militiaman volunteered with assurance, "It's only a matter of a half-hour and the moon will shed its light."



UNNATURAL HISTORY—X

ENGLAND has always been noted for her superior breeding of bloodhounds, terriers, and the bull. Accused by other nations of being old fashioned and "muddling through," she nevertheless possesses the finest kennels in Europe for breeding Performing Setters, the Downing Street group being the most famous. Friends of dogdom will easily recognize these versatile actors who have been performing in the capitals of Europe for their proud owners since they were pups. As can be seen, the main act of the troupe is balancing on a seesaw, up and down, each side pretending to fall off. When played in a contest with other European dogs at Geneva, the act is quite a sensation, as they give the illusion of being stupid all through the show but at the finale always come out on top, winning first prize. The champions are Lloyd George of Wales (now popular in Germany), Neville Chamberlain of Birmingham (a veteran balancer), Baldwin of Worcestershire ("Old Iron Belly"), Anthony Eden of Mayfair (the darling of the debs), and last but by not means least, Winston Churchill of Gallipoli (veteran fumbling champion).

—JOHN MACKEY

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READERS' FORUM

A letter from Leane Zugsmith on a timely subjest—More birthday felicitations

● In a large book there are, in orderly alphabetical progression, the names and addresses of women and children, followed by their ages or their measurements and always their shoe sizes. Year after year, those ages, those measurements, those shoe sizes are altered, for the names stay a long time in the book. This is not a list of the customers of a dressmaking establishment. It is the record for the Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense so that clothing may be sent to the families of the eighty political prisoners serving long-term sentences in United States prisons.

The clothing sent to the families is only one item. The modest monthly money order, which frequently is for them the bridge between living or perishing, is another. The personalized, unremitting stream of letters from the I.L.D. is another. The knowledge that their relatives in prison, many of them serving life sentences, receive, unfailingly, every month a personal letter from the Prisoners' Relief Department, a weekly news letter and money with which to buy cigarettes, newspapers, fruit, or whatever they are not prohibited from buying by prison regulations, is another. Add up these items, and the sum cannot be computed. Make a budget for them, this dollar for rent, this dollar for food, this for coal, this for medicine, and the figures still do not come out right. For what must be added in is the realization that wherever the prisoners are—in San Quentin or on the North Carolina road gang, in Leavenworth or the Oregon State Penitentiary—that wherever their families are—in New Mexico or Alabama, in Kentucky or Texas, in Washington or Pennsylvania—an organization of friends is working for them.

They know that to secure this aid, they do not need the passport of money or influential connections or special nationality and race. There is only one pass: either that they have been arrested for their efforts in behalf of the working class or that they have been arrested on national or racial oppression grounds. They know that the I.L.D. sends funds to political prisoners all over the world. They know that the I.L.D. knits together and makes articulate the world's protests against class-war persecutions. They know that the I.L.D. has been instrumental in saving many labor victims from being convicted. And they know that, if they do go to jail, the I.L.D. never forgets them or lets the world forget them.

So the man (his sentence: twenty years) writes:

"It made me feel all lifted to know that you haven't forgotten me. I wonder if you could send me a holy Bible to read. I am sorry that I can't send you a greeting but I guess you understand why."

And the woman (her husband's sentence: life) writes:

"Rec'd my monthly check and I sure did need it badly. I am down sick with rheumatism and am not able to work and I would like for you if you could make it a little more and another thing, I would like to ask that I might have a large check by the first of May. One of my girls graduates from her fourth year of high school and the fourteen-year-old girl completes the eighth grade and is ready for high school, and they both would like to have some clothes like other girls such as white slippers and nice white dresses. I hope this is not asking too much. I am sure that if their father was here they would have them and I feel like you all will help me."

The widow of a murdered share-cropper ends her letter: "Much love for the workers and trust we will win." She, too, receives aid from the Prisoners' Relief Department, together with other widows and orphans whose menfolks were killed, instead of imprisoned, for their labor activities. Only the I.L.D. does not call it "aid" for her or for anyone. The I.L.D. calls it "solidarity."

Twice a year, the Prisoners' Relief Department conducts a special drive so that those of us who are free, who have in common the interests of justice, may have the privilege of shouldering our responsibilities to those who know neither freedom nor justice.

The summer drive is to supply milk for the 250 children of long-term political prisoners. The winter drive, around Christmas time, now, is chiefly to collect the greater sums that are needed during the cold months. Each year, the wants become more pressing; each year the number of labor and political arrests has increased. During 1935, the I.L.D. handled more than 16,000 cases. The figures available, so far, for 1936 indicate that such arrests will tally up to a far greater number.

When we contribute to this year's Christmas drive, we are contributing as free men and women. But perhaps we are not free; perhaps we belong to the race of Eugene V. Debs, who said:

"While there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

All right. Then let us say we are not free; but we are still outside of prison. And, outside of prison, let us consolidate our interests and responsibilities in behalf of the political prisoners and their families. That's not aid. It's solidarity.

LEANE ZUGSMITH.

Greetings on Our Twenty-fifth Anniversary

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

A CHARACTERISTIC and suitable celebration for the end of a quarter-century of sincere and successful work for good causes, would be, on the part of the NEW MASSES, to roll up its sleeves to help along during the next twenty-five years, the United States of Europe, and world-wide, permanent, international peace. Here's hoping for its success!

LEWIS GANNETT

I USED to read the old *Masses,* a quarter century ago, with delight, but I had no idea at the time that it was as important a part of the history of America as the quarter century perspective has made evident. Old *Masses, Liberator,* NEW MASSES—they've all been a part of the education of our succeeding generations.

Through all its metamorphoses the magazine has by some strange miracle remained kaleidoscopically alive. It has had the rare genius to make its readers more alive, even when, as I sometimes do, we curse as we read. More power, more fermenting life to you in the years to come!

GEORGE SOULE

NOBODY who was old enough to be concerned with public affairs at the time can possibly forget the impact of the *Masses* when it first appeared. I am glad that its tradition has been carried on for so long a time and in such varied forms as the *Liberator* and the NEW MASSES. Congratulations on your birthday.

HARRISON GEORGE

HAIL to the NEW MASSES on its twenty-fifth birthday!

Long ago I read it, when yet I was a government pack-mule of the postal service.

I have slept with it, and surely that means true love, in the "jungles" of Montana and Wyoming.

It cheered me in jail, and solaced me in illness resulting therefrom. Much more, I must say, than did "medical science."

It has served as a trusty antidote to hypocrisy which is everywhere.

In short, the NEW MASSES has "it."

JUAN MARINELLO

THIS anniversary being celebrated by the NEW MASSES should be greeted with joy by the true revolutionaries of North and South America. Not only for work accomplished, for effort realized, but also for what it means in terms of future work. The NEW MASSES could only have come into life on the basis of a deep-growing penetration of revolutionary decision and consciousness among powerful groups of people. If such a magazine is an index, it is also a hope. Its continuous growth, its growing popularity—despite the barrier of language—in the countries of Hispano-America, indicates that the NEW MASSES has been able faithfully to record the feelings and aspirations of the best orientated groups. Until but a few years ago, the progressive and revolutionary intellectuals in our Spanish-speaking countries, in Mexico, Chile, Cuba, Argentina sought guidance in the liberal publications of the United States. Now they look eagerly to the NEW MASSES. Many are those who esteem it for its valor, honesty, timeliness, and clarity, who view it as the weekly of tomorrow, of the true American Revolution.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

I AM too personally indebted to the NEW MASSES to comment with objectivity on its twenty-fifth anniversary. Together with many more Americans, I have been educated, prodded, aroused, and fortified by its unfaltering and uncompromising battle for justice, freedom, peace.

I can, therefore, express my gratitude to the NEW MASSES for services rendered in the past, my comradely support in the struggle against fascism which it leads today, my deepening conviction in the ultimate triumph of its—our—common aims.

ROBERT BENCHLEY

IT HAS been a good thing to have a magazine like the MASSES around during the past twenty-five years. It is going to be even better to have it around during the next twenty-five.

JOSEPHINE HERBST

TWENTY-FIVE years is not a short time to survive under a barrage. I use old files of the *Masses,* the *Liberator* and the present NEW MASSES all the time for reference, but I really count on it for its fight. Even when I disagree with certain features, I count on it as the one militant magazine set heart and soul, through thick and thin, in season and out of season, on a new world. Honor to it on its twenty-fifth anniversary.

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NEW MASSES

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The Soviet Constitution

SPEAKING in a firm voice devoid of forensics, Joseph Stalin addressed the eighth All-Union Congress of Soviets on the new Soviet constitution. "We have already achieved the first phase of communism," he said, and in that simple sentence he both summarized the momentous achievements of the Soviet Union these past nineteen years, and pointed to its future development. For unlike the capitalist countries, socialist Russia is not interested in preserving any status quo; its fundamental aim is to keep moving toward the classless communist society.

On this road it has already arrived at a point which ten years ago appeared to most people to be utopian. Yet it is a fact, now accepted by informed men and women everywhere, that the Soviet Union, alone among the countries of the world, has abolished capitalism, inaugurated socialism, wiped out unemployment, guaranteed every citizen security. Tracing the U.S.S.R.'s social-economic development from 1924, when the first Soviet constitution was adopted, until the present, Stalin revealed why it is possible for the republic to alter its constitution. Through socialism, the peoples of the U.S.S.R. have actually freed themselves from slavery, and are now ready to move forward to the next step by the adoption of the kind of basic law of which the best spirits of mankind have always dreamed.

The new constitution is ratified in a period when some capitalist states, notably Germany and Italy, frankly repudiate and destroy the last vestiges of the democratic principle. Other capitalist states pay verbal homage to democracy, but in practice restrict it so thoroughly to the propertied classes that it can hardly be called democracy at all. The Soviet Union has thus not only led the world in economic and social progress, but is now the most democratic country of all. It has thus answered two fundamental doubts which skeptics used to raise about socialism: it has shown that socialism not only "works" but that it works far better than capitalism; and it has shown that the proletariat, which must create a class dictatorship to combat forces seeking to reëstablish capitalism, consciously relaxes its dictatorship as classes disappear—all according to plan.

But here, as always, the Bolsheviks are frank. Stalin stated openly at the Soviet Congress that the leadership of the Communist Party will continue to exist. It is not difficult to see the reason for this. Those reactionary forces which sought to destroy the first socialist republic at its inception are still at work, better organized and more ruthless than ever. The very dispatches which carried Stalin's speech across the seas also brought us news of the Japanese-German pact to "combat communism." The fascists have been combating communism for some time. Stripped of camouflage, the pact means an alliance of the fascist Powers, including Italy, to make war upon the U.S.S.R.

And that is something for Americans to think about. The next war will not be confined to a single area; it will be a world conflict of unprecedented range and violence in which the fascist powers array themselves against those countries which still retain vestiges of democracy. The new Soviet constitution not only is a mighty contribution to the peoples everywhere who are determined to fight fascism, but indicates to the non-fascist states the need of a peace bloc.

Peace in the Americas

THE Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace derives its significance from the delicate manner in which the balance between the forces of war and peace on a world scale is drawn at the present moment. And its success or failure as an American peace conference will be determined by the effect it has on *world* peace, for, in the words of Secretary of State Hull, "War anywhere must disturb and threaten peace everywhere." But who can believe that the example of Inter-American harmony will in itself impress the instigators of war in Europe and the Far East and so have the desired effect on world peace, as Secretary Hull has intimated? The twenty-one Latin American nations and our own country, which is capable of exercising no mean influence on the course of world affairs, are deliberating at Buenos Aires. Will their weight be thrown more decisively than heretofore on the side of the world's peaceful powers, on the side of those countries which seek to enforce the Covenant of the League of Nations as a check on would-be aggressors? Or will the meeting at Buenos Aires resolve itself into a fatuous diplomatic performance, in reality serving the ends of the aggressors by further alienating the nations of the western hemisphere from the League of Nations and Europe's collective efforts for peace?

The opportunity for constructive peace effort at Buenos Aires is a rich one, but there is also ground for serious misgivings as to the attitude of the United States delegation. In informed circles the feeling persists that Washington is bent on extending its own "neutrality" principles and fostering the idea of inter-American exclusiveness, to the detriment of world peace action. This passive and purely local approach to the question of preserving peace is shared by some members of the Roosevelt administration. But the cry of "keeping out of European entanglements" also emanates from groups whose motives are far more questionable. Important United States financial interests see in it a convenient device for weakening British influence in Argentina and Brazil and guaranteeing against the upstart penetration of Japan and Germany in Latin America. If there is one comforting element, it is the existence in Mexico of a progressive government which has affirmed and proven its fidelity to the League of Nations and to the principle of the indivisibility of peace. The efforts of the Mexican delegates, or of delegates from any other nation, to gear Inter-American peace measures closely to the League of Nations and its convenant will be deserving of the utmost support of all who would maintain peace in this hemisphere and in the rest of the world, as well as of all enemies of Yankee imperialism.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Vivifying economics—Pearl S. Buck and Sholem Asch—The American Legion and liberty

IT is the experience of people embarking on a study of Marxism that Marx's economics are too difficult to start with and that his historical essays and pamphlets are a much less arduous introduction to his thought. The level of abstraction at which economic reasoning must be carried on repels, but history acquires meaning only against an indispensable background of economics. Leo Huberman, the author of that remarkably lucid history of the United States, *We, the People,* has had the brilliant idea of mixing history and economics in nice proportions in order to make easier the layman's approach to what is a fundamentally Marxist interpretation of our economic universe. A straightforward, accurate, and eminently readable account of the evolution of capitalism from feudalism is followed by a study of the actual development of capitalism and of the theories which have been advanced to explain this development. (*Man's Worldly Goods,* by Leo Huberman. Harper. $2.50.)

From the very beginning, the abstract is eschewed. Emphasis is placed on historical context and nothing is taken for granted. A profuse use of apt quotations from unhackneyed source material enlivens an exciting story. Huberman's knack for enriching the narrative by graphic instances is evident in every chapter. Take "Where Did the Money Come From?" the chapter on the historical process of primary accumulation in western Europe. He is discussing the slave trade as one of a number of sources of that accumulation. "The first Englishman to conceive the idea that there was lots of money to be made by seizing unsuspecting Negroes in Africa and selling them as 'raw material' to be worked to a quick death on plantations in the New World, was John Hawkins. 'Good Queen Bess' thought so much of the great work of this murderer and kidnapper that she knighted him after his second slave-trading expedition. It was, then, as *Sir* John Hawkins, who had chosen as his crest a Negro in chains, that he later proudly boasted to Richard Hakluyt of his exploits in this inhuman traffic." Then follows Hawkins's own version of how he stole and sold 300 Negroes with "prosperous success and much gain to himself." This so impressed Queen Elizabeth that "She wanted to be a partner to any profits in the future. So for his second expedition, the Queen loaned a ship to slave-trader Hawkins. The name of the ship was the *Jesus.*"

The chapter on Marx's own teachings is the clearest short account of Marx's economic doctrines in English. It is superior to that on the classical economists who are correctly shown to be the ideologists of a rising capitalism. Unfortunately there is not sufficient discrimination between Ricardo and Malthus, and the Iron Law of Wages is anachronistically attributed to Ricardo. The chapter on Russia, "Russia Has a Plan," is the best in the book. It begins dramatically with, "Seventeen years before the end of the nineteenth century Karl Marx died.

"Seventeen years after the beginning of the twentieth century Karl Marx lived again"—and ends topically with a summary of the new Soviet constitution.

An imposing bibliography increases the book's value for advanced students. *Man's Worldly Goods* is indispensable as an introduction to the dismal science which, put as Huberman does, in its historical setting, is rendered vivid and comprehensible. For the first time in America we have a popularization of Marxist history and economics which at the same time is not a vulgarization.

JOHN DARRELL.

Spiritual Imperialist

FIGHTING ANGEL, *by Pearl S. Buck. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.50.

PEARL BUCK'S story of her father, a "spiritual imperialist," who wandered about China for some fifty years, is a warm, kindly book. Surprisingly objective it is, too. One only wishes it had a deeper appreciation of the social forces at work there at the time. That would have filled in the picture to advantage.

Andrew came of the "preachenist family of Virginia." His father was also a minister. Wanting the serious-minded youngster to look after a modest bit of property, he once exploded: "Go and preach if you want to—though I'll say six sons out of seven is what I call too much of a good thing. But to go gallivantin' to foreign countries is beyond any man's call."

Nevertheless, Andrew went gallivantin'. Christ-like, he blazed the way despite obstacles. He found:

> **One of the outstanding imperialisms of the West has been the domination over the Chinese of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and what not, to the number of well over a hundred different types of the Protestant Christian religion alone. This has been, in China, more than a spiritual imperialism—it has been physical as well. There has been much talk of political spheres of influence, of Japan and Germany and England and France, dividing China into areas of trade and power. But the missionaries divided China, too.**

There were other obstacles. The population was ever on the verge of starvation. "The Yellow River wound its willful way through those plains, shifting its bed, drying up one course to flood another." The plague followed. Starvation and misery. Disgusted with their old gods, the suffering people came to "try the foreign god." Here Pearl Buck's father found other difficulties. The "Converts," materialistically minded—and for good reason—came for food and to learn English so they could earn more money. Chinese ministers turned to Christianity, but they still gambled and kept concubines. Meanwhile American preachers grew fat and sleek. They and their wives fooled around a bit. Others went insane living the unnatural lives they led.

It's not a pretty picture, and Pearl Buck's Christ-like father stands out among them like

The Dictator

Jack Markow

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a John Knox of yesterday. Because of his single mind and unbending faith, he, too, was side-tracked eventually. Like in the auto or the sausage-packing business, younger men came with up-to-date ideas of efficiency in religious methods. Her father finally was forced to establish independent churches even though they too "were filled with rascals."

Meanwhile a family grew, living on the hem of poverty, hoping for the yearly shipment from the mail-order house of Montgomery Ward which, in addition to absolute necessities, included gifts for the children, none above one dollar. Occasionally, perhaps, one came costing a dollar and nineteen cents, the pennies having to be explained by the mother.

The book is a small one, the life pictured vast and colorful. Back of it are the teeming millions of peasants. The rough English river-boat captains, who quoted only the smutty parts of the Bible. The Chinese gamblers and bandits who were not above throwing the preacher into the river. The terror-stricken days of the Boxer Rebellion rolled over them. A revolution swept from the South, rubbed out a royal dynasty of centuries —and with it, fifty years of Christian preaching.

Of the revolution, despite sympathy for Sun Yat-sen, Mrs. Buck gives but a bare glimpse of the terror and escape of the foreigners. The misery, plague, and starvation of millions who finally rose in one angry wave is left unwritten to give space to the tragic rescue of a handful of "spiritual imperialists" and their children and loyal converts. How the Chinese gods must have laughed when this rescue had to be made—in waiting imperialist gunboats! Surely, this was no pretty scene. An angry mass that has suffered for centuries is not likely to consider Christian niceties.

What is gratifying about *Fighting Angel* is that in spite of everything, Pearl Buck did not lose her perspective. She sees it all quite objectively, with understanding and warmth. Because of it, one is willing to overlook the missing depth in this limited canvas.

This book, together with *The Exile*, a biography of her mother, is to be issued in two volumes to form a work to be called *The Spirit and the Flesh*. WALT CARMON.

Jews in Germany

THE WAR GOES ON, *by Sholem Asch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.

STEFAN ZWEIG described this book correctly when he called it a "chronicle of freedomless freedom," for it is a study of people who have lost their standards of value. In Germany during the period of inflation even money, the universal bourgeois measure of value, had lost its own value, social and individual character broke down, insanity gripped a whole nation.

Asch writes well, both when his characters discuss the problems that face them and when they are at an emotional peak. He understands the psychology of the people he describes. Yet his book is not properly a novel. The larger part of it is devoted to philosophical meditation, to background, and to the description of the effects of the inflation on various sections of the population. The story itself is concerned with the Bodenheimers, a Jewish banking family, and more specifically with Hans, the young son of the family. Of all the characters in the novel, only he manages to keep hold on sanity. With his "Aryan" wife he takes refuge on a small farm that he owns, but the Nazi brother of his wife kills her for her "racial crime" and Hans leaves for Munich, the center of the rising tide of fascism and of hooliganism and criminality in general, to find the murderer and avenge his wife.

There he learns to understand the spirit of Hitlerism which hovers threateningly over the whole book. Asch understands the tragic and grotesque melodrama of the Nazi doctrine, at least on the racial side. He shows that being an "Aryan" and given the Semitic scapegoat, are the last consolation offered to the depressed.

Asch knows, too, that fascism was fostered by the industrialists of Germany and that Hitler was paid "to unload the accumulated resentment of a despairing populace on the two most vulnerable elements in Germany—the working class and the Jews." But Asch is an idealist who needs more than material explanations, so he finds another explanation for Hitler. He is a plague sent by God, the Prophet of Death sent by the decaying corpses of the battle-fields to avenge them—a Golem, not a human being.

Asch's idealism finds another form of expression and is the central theme of the book, the point of which is that the lack of religion is the cause of all the dissatisfactions and miseries of humanity. But this religion is very broadly interpreted and means a set of standards, a tradition, an enthusiasm. To Asch the art of Cezanne and Van Gogh is religious.

In the same sense communism as a religion is the greatest accomplishment of the Russian Revolution. Even Misha Judkewitch, leader of a Bolshevik official delegation to Berlin and the best example of a Communist in the book, is misrepresented as regarding communism as a faith, a new religion to take the place of the old religions. But just as Asch understands certain elements of fascism and yet misunderstands it, he understands the results of communism while misunderstanding its processes. And Mischa Judkewitch illustrates this, too. He is one of the new breed of Jews whom the revolution has taught to believe in themselves and to take their fate in their own hands. Since the quest for a solution of the Jewish problem, for something that will give the Jews human dignity and freedom, is an important element of Asch's novel, this is a very significant admission. ROBERT GORDON.

Wounded Etching by John Groth

The Legion and Liberalism

THE AMERICAN LEGION AND CIVIL LIBERTY, *by Walter Wilson. American Civil Liberties Union.* 5c.

TWO newspaper items appearing the same day illustrate the divergent trends within the American Legion today. One reported the adoption by the New York County Legion posts of Red-baiting resolutions calling for the most repressive gag legislation. The other quoted from an article by Harry W. Colmery, recently elected national commander, in the *American Legion Monthly*, repudiating

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the traditional Legion antagonism toward civil liberties.

Walter Wilson's terse and trenchant pamphlet comes as a timely analysis of these two trends. It presents well-selected material demonstrating the Legion's reactionary, anti-democratic role, and the recent signs of a liberalizing leaven. One of the most powerful "pressure groups" in the country, and a fertile recruiting-ground for fascism—remember Smedley Butler's disclosures—the Legion merits far more study and attention than it has hitherto received. As Wilson notes, it has led in the promoting of repressive legislation; has worked closely with militarist and jingoistic elements; Legion posts and departments have helped, openly and covertly, to break strikes and destroy unions, and have frequently used violence in denying free speech and free assembly to pacifists, progressives, and radicals.

Not only has the Legion made common cause with the fascist-minded at home, but has flirted with foreign fascists, notably Mussolini. Wilson quotes a statement made in 1923 by the then National Commander, Alvin Owsley: "If ever needed, the American Legion stands ready to protect the country's institutions and ideals as the Fascisti dealt with obstructionists who menaced Italy . . . the Fascisti are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States." On subsequent occasions, the Legion leadership paid homage to the fascist dictator. It is significant that the Legion's National Americanism Commission, headed by Homer Chaillaux (Mrs. Dilling's male counterpart), literally swamps the 11,000 Legion posts with violence-inciting literature against Communists, Socialists, liberals and pacifists, but has not distributed one piece attacking fascism.

But does all this mean that the Legion is irretrievably reactionary? Wilson finds, in the recent crystallization of progressive tendencies, an encouraging indication that it may yet be won away from its reactionary and, up to now, controlling clique. He cites the mildly liberal viewpoints of ex-National Commander Ray Murphy and the present commander, Harry W. Colmery, together with increasing instances of individual Legion posts and departments taking a stand in defense of civil liberty and in condemnation of anti-labor activities. But he is careful to point out that "these progressive trends appear only against a background of acts hostile to free speech and to democracy."

Limited though the liberal ferment in the Legion is at present, the possibilities are heartening. Many of us hitherto have either underestimated the powerful fascist threat latent in the Legion, or over-emphasized the difficulty of countering it within the organization itself. Wilson offers some useful suggestions, among others that labor and liberal organizations should constantly approach Legion posts and departments with requests for aid in protecting the right to organize, strike, and picket, aid in combating vigilanteism, fighting gag legislation, endorsement of reso-

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lutions passed by local trades and labor councils, etc. "These requests, even if not complied with in every instance, will at least create healthy discussion in the Legion." After all, as Wilson observes, "the average member of the American Legion, like the average citizen, receives no benefits from strike-breaking and Red-baiting. If he joins in such activities it is because he is fooled by his . . . leadership."

HENRY COOPER.

In the Deep South

PREFACE TO PEASANTRY, *by Arthur F. Raper. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.*

IN this study of the old cotton South and its decline, Arthur Raper surveys two counties, Greene and Macon, in Georgia. As he says, both of these counties are representative of cotton-growing conditions in the Black Belt. Aside from the fact that no organization of sharecroppers and tenants has occurred in either, their selection is most appropriate. The fall of King Cotton and the decay of the plantation system are graphically revealed by the survey of these areas.

The Southeast, with its high-cost cotton, cannot compete either with the newer cotton-producing sections of the Southwest or with other parts of the world. As the world's output of cotton expands and the quest for foreign markets intensifies, pressure on the old South continues to increase. The Black Belt has been, and remains, a one-crop economy, though growing cotton year after year has robbed the soil of its fertility and hastened erosion. In fact, the plantation system has wasted natural resources at a faster rate than its feudal prototypes during the Dark Ages in Europe. The advance of mechanization has further shifted the balance against the Southeast, since its land, worn-out and hilly, is less adapted to take advantage of these economies than the Delta and Southwest.

Raper began his study in 1927 as a doctor's thesis at the University of North Carolina. In 1934 he was asked by a committee consisting of Edwin R. Embree of the Rosenwald Fund, Will W. Alexander of the Resettlement Administration, and Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University to bring his study up to date. As Raper says, this committee has been interested in "collecting information which might be of assistance to the government in its various activities affecting the Negro." More specifically, this committee supports the proposed Bankhead bill, which provides that the federal government shall buy up land in the old South to sell to the sharecroppers and tenants. Embree, Alexander, and Johnson have actively lobbied for this bill and last year brought out a volume called "The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy" in order to aid its passage.

Though the Share Croppers' Union and the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union are in favor of land for the landless, both oppose the Bankhead bill. They point out that, while the bill will bail out the insurance com-

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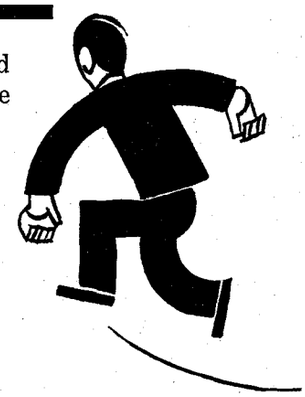

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panies, banks, and planters who now have no market for their holdings, it does not safeguard the croppers and tenants on whom a huge burden of debt will be piled. Organized sharecroppers and tenants demand full control over the marketing of products, concrete assurance of civil rights, freedom to organize, and the setting up of coöperative farms on a large enough scale and so equipped as to provide a decent living instead of starvation-size farms on cast-off land. One often hears the query, "Well, the sharecroppers and tenants can't be any worse off than they are now, so why not try the Bankhead bill?" To this, the unions reply that the living conditions of the croppers and tenants, low as they are, continue to go lower; and Mr Raper's findings certainly support this statement. The Bankhead bill allows the planters and financial interests to unload under the hypocritical pretense of aiding the landless. The bill is now on Roosevelt's "must list," and the unions are working hard to secure necessary amendments and expose the many "jokers" in the measure.

Raper's description of the miserable conditions forced upon the tenants and sharecroppers is, for the most part, exceptionally well done. He clearly reveals the march down the farm ladder and presents valuable data showing how rapidly the small owners are losing their land as well as how quickly the tenants and sharecroppers are being pressed down into the status of wage hands hired by the day. It is therefore particularly unfortunate that his book is being used by the committee as propaganda for the Bankhead bill. Regardless of his intentions, the study plays into the hands of the planters and bankers, since it advocates the purchase of their land while saying nothing about the all-important need for concrete safeguards to protect the sharecroppers and tenants.

A. ROGER PAXTON.

Brief Reviews

CLUTCH AND DIFFERENTIAL, *by George Weller. Random House.* $2.50.

This book deals primarily with the lives of middle-class Americans: baby sons and daughters of middle-class families, grammar-school kids, high-school kids, college students, small business men and their wives trying to keep up with the rival business and with the Joneses in small-town society, a big corporation executive struggling with labor troubles and trying to cut his partners' throats, young people trying to escape the dreariness of middle-class American life, older young people lost in it, a young woman head of the millinery department in a large New York department store, the owner of a chain of grocery stores, a soda jerker, a nudist, a Negro porter on a bus, the wife of a radio announcer, a Woolworth salesgirl, a middle-aged consul in Vienna, a taxi driver, garage workers, a society dame in Detroit, a newspaper columnist. . . .

They appear in a series of disconnected sketches, some occasionally reappearing in the dim background of other sketches. An attempt at continuity is given by the structure of the book in terms of an automobile. The thirty-six chapters are titled, alternately, "Clutch" and "Differential." The characters in the clutch chapters are supposed to initiate impulses which are carried out or spent in the characters in the differential chapters.

But the form is too self-conscious and distracting;

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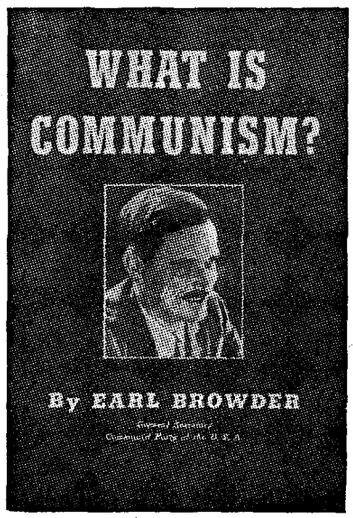

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whatever useful function they may perform in an automobile his literary clutch and differential are insufficient to propel and control the novel.

The work as a whole succeeds in establishing the paucity of middle-class life in America, the corroding effect of money on human relationships. In many of the sketches its success, indeed, is impressive.

The author furthermore has an unusual gift for characterization. One wishes that he had tried fewer characters and developed them more fully.

DAVID KINKEAD.

AROUSE AND BEWARE, *by MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann.* $2.50.

The Whitman quotation on the fly-leaf, the author's stylistic heaves to get more deeply into the minds of his characters than he can possibly get, are trimmings that should deceive no one. The story remains an adventure tale, pure though hardly simple. It might have easily, and more effectively, been written in a hundred pages instead of three hundred; or better still, not written at all. Mr. Kantor's slickest feat is that of evolving a triangle situation amidst a fairly original set of circumstances: two Union soldiers escape from a Confederate prison camp; in their flight, they encounter a woman who has just stabbed her lover with a pair of scissors. She joins them and the three fight their way toward the Northern forces, often starving, and experiencing one desperate adventure after another —none, however, more desperate than their realization that each man wants the woman for himself. Things are set right by a Noble Sacrifice on the part of one of the men, which ends the novel, and probably starts Hollywood bidding for it.

J. G.

THE DESCENT OF THE IDOL, *by Jaroslav Durych. Translated from the Czech by Lynton A. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.75.

Schiller, speaking of the Thirty Years' War, remarked, "Had not private advantages and state interests been closely connected with it, vain and powerless would have been the arguments of the theologians; and the cry of the people would never have met with princes so willing to espouse their cause." Durych's historical novel, centered about the Duke of Friedland, Albrecht of Wallenstein, one of the key figures of the Thirty Years' War, is a reaffirmation of Schiller's statement. Mr. Durych's prose is superlative; but only readers familiar with the events and political and social background of the Thirty Years' War will find the narrative easy going.

JOSEPH SCHER.

WARD EIGHT, *by Joseph F. Dinneen. Harper & Bros.* $2.50.

Mr. Dinneen is the author of two widely discussed articles recently published in *Harper's*. One was on the Millen case, exposing the slices cut by Boston politicians from the cab drivers' takings; the other, "The Kingfish of Massachusetts," concerned itself with the mephitic public career of James M. Curley, Governor of Massachusetts and candidate for the United States Senate. *Ward Eight* is a novel dealing with essentially the same material, and based also on the reportorial experiences of the author. Unfortunately, its series of sentimentalized and unintegrated episodes are without the highly exciting sense of significant events involving important people, that characterized his excellent job on the Massachusetts Mussolini.

Political corruption has not been fresh news since the turn of the century. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia—all have been nauseated by the stench steaming from their civic sewers when the covers were ripped off by Steffens back in 1905. The story Dinneen tells of Boston's wardheelers and fixed elections and graft is patterned upon the actual history of Martin Lomasney, an earlier political boss from whom the dictatorial Curley may well have inherited the robes of state. Here we have the development of the Big Fix in Ward 8 from the "primitive acquisition" of tin-horn politicians to the civilized large-scale operations of silk hatted bosses dealing in Senatorial candidacies and million-dollar franchises. Imagination is lacking in the handling of this material: the characters' ways of thinking and feeling are presented with no more subtlety than one finds in a news item.

The novel becalms the reader in a muddy backwater. The economic system that produces a Curley is not exposed. The politics of Ward 8 float like weeds atop the water, their roots unseen.

MILTON MELTZER.

STORIES OF THREE DECADES, *by Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.

This English edition of Mann's short stories is unique in that it brings in one volume *all* of Mann's short stories (including *Death in Venice* and the dialogue *Fiorenza*), a feature which is not duplicated by any German edition. In fact, it contains one item that has not even appeared in German: the story *The Blood of the Walsungs* that has appeared in French only. The book closes with *Mario and The Magician,* a symbolic rendering of Italian Fascism's sinister psychology and power. Mann himself hints at this political note in his introduction—foreshadowing his recent strong anti-Nazi denunciation.

A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING EUROPE: *Poems of Revolutionary Spain, by Rafael Alberti. Critics Group.* 25c.

The Critics Group has just issued a pamphlet collection of the poems of one of the foremost revolutionary poets in Spain, Rafael Alberti. Alberti (whose work among the Spanish peasants was described in the NEW MASSES of August 25) represents an increasingly familiar and increasingly welcome phenomenon in contemporary literature: a respected and established poet in the bourgeois literary world turning sharply left, placing his capacities at the disposal of the working class in its day-to-day struggle against reaction, and in turn taking from the working class a fresh basis for continued poetic achievement. Needless to say, Alberti is in the forefront of the struggle, now that the fascist insurrection in Spain has forced "at last that hour in which the world goes forth to change its masters."

The proceeds of the sale of this pamphlet go into the fund for the defense of the Spanish People's Front. The translation is by Ira Jan Wallach and Angel Flores.

PETER YORK.

★

Recently Recommended

The Truth About the Liberty League, by Grace Hutchins. International Pamphlets. 2c.

Audubon, by Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace & Co. Illustrated. $3.

The Maxims of La Rochefoucauld. Newly translated with a foreword by Louis Kronenberger. Stackpole Sons. $1.75.

'T Ain't Right, by Westbrook Pegler. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Reasons for Anger, by Robert Briffault. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Bitter Victory, by Louis Guilloux, translated by Samuel Putnam. McBride. $2.50. War novel.

Courthouse Square, by Hamilton Basso. Scribner's. $2.50. Novel of the South.

Æsop Said So, lithographs by Hugo Gellert. Covici, Friede. $1.75. Fables in modern dress.

Mexico: A Revolution by Education, by George I. Sánchez. Viking. $2.75.

The War in Outline, by Liddell Hart. Random House. $2. A critical history of strategy.

How to Run a War, by Bruce Winton Knight. Knopf. $2. An unsentimental blueprint for warmongers.

Caleb Catlum's America, by Vincent McHugh. Illustrated by George T. Hartmann. Stackpole. $2.50. Tall tales with sociological overtones.

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LADEEZ and gentlemen! Presenting the smartest, dancingest, wise-crackingest, seducingest, two-timingest, love-lovingest, love-hatingest twosome ever to come over the pike: Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, in nine—count 'em, nine!—one-act plays celebrating a few of the quick and all of the dead and dying aspects of connubial or extra-connubial bliss as known to the new, or O willow Wally, Edwardians.

Perhaps we are wrong in summarizing the whole story just that way when this piece is being written with three of the nine plays of *Tonight at 8:30* still to be produced; perhaps (Who knows, apart from those assiduous souls who have read the nine plays published last week?) Mr. Coward will in the last three find something dynamic or useful or satisfying about the love of a man for a maid and vice versa and about the extension of that emotion into the basis of a relationship about which we can say I got a home in-a dat rock. Perhaps; meanwhile, we suggest you don't give odds.

Maybe you get the idea that we're in a bad humor about all this; if so, forget it. In the first trio (you know, of course, that the plays are being given in groups of three, each group a separate performance; see your daily paper for the schedule), John C. Wilson "presents" nd Mr. Coward "produces" "Hands Across e Sea," a foamy bit of variation on the eme of the haywire *Hay Fever;* "The Astonshed Heart," in six scenes which chart the progress of a triangular boomerang; and "Red Peppers," in which that unusually accomplished music-hall team, Coward and Lawrence, exemplify life among the less-accomplished music-hall teams. In the first, it seems that Commander Peter Gilpin, R.N., and his wife the Lady Maureen Gilpin (Coward and Lawrence) once inadvertently, owing to the exigencies of life Out East, stayed overnight with the Wadhursts in Malaya. "Look us up if you ever come to London," said the Gilpins, civilly enough to be sure, when they left; but with scant respect for civility (as she is practised), the Wadhursts take them at their word and drop in on them some years later in their fashionable London flat. Who the visitors are and whence they come the Gilpins recall not—whereby hangs the tale of their efforts to find out and to pass the situation off with a semblance of *bonhomie.* In the second of the trio, a half-consciously designing seductress and her seducee get rather more than either of them bargained for, while the Little Woman is well up among those who take it on the chin. (And if you think that these situations aren't authentic, you don't know much about the gentle art of triangulation.) A nosegay of old jokes deftly tendered (and sufficiently alibied by the fact that the skit is built around a couple of veteran snide music-hall performers), a couple of brainy songs, and ome barbed domestic intercourse make up the ingredients of "Red Peppers," the wind-up number of the first group.

The second series, consisting of "We Were Dancing," "Fumed Oak," and "Shadow Play," is at once more trivial, less amusing, more venomous, and more didactic. It came as no surprise that this group was inferior to the first series; Mr. Coward is not such a dope as to lead off with the wrong foot. At the same time, the intensity of the venom in the middle play, "Fumed Oak," and the harrowing accuracy of its partial observation, are likely to send it down into history as the classic dramatic expression of contempt for the degradation too often a characteristic of lower-middle-class domestic relations under capitalism. It is brutal in its frontal attack on marriage and on the part played by women in that relation; the man is treated, with understanding, as the worm who turns at long last; the woman is treated a simon-pure bitch. The first play of the second series, "We Were Dancing," is a bit of rayon gossamer in which two people are now in love, now are not, with at least one mate standing by and playing cricket. In the last of the three, "Shadow Play," love and marriage seem to get the best break in all six plays, but the juggling of realism and symbolism, it must be confessed, is sufficiently quick to deceive the eye and bewilder the intelligence. There are a couple of tuneful songs, to which Miss Lawrence and Mr. Coward dance beautifully, which save the day.

By way of summary of the first six plays: the writing is skillful and rich and witty and charged with suspicion and hatred of love and marriage (and, sometimes, of the playwright's insight into these matters); Mr. Coward is razor-sharp, and Miss Lawrence seems a subtler actress than when we saw her last, as well as of a definitely riper sensuousness. Among the supporting cast, Joyce Carey and Alan Webb are noteworthy, the former especially so in "The Astonished Heart" and the latter in "Hands Across the Sea." If you can spare the price of admission for these plays, you might go and see how the theater can be made to sit up and beg.

A. W. T.

Georges Schreiber

THE SCREEN

THE SON OF MONGOLIA, which is still current at the Cameo, is another in the splendid series of "national minority" films starting with *Song of Happiness* and continuing with *Gypsies* and *A Greater Promise.* The current film is further distinguished by the fact that it is the first film to come from the Mongolian People's Republic. Like all folk tales, the story is exceedingly simple and the form is determined by native tradition. The frame of the story is the traditional story of the boy going out into the world (not unlike the Anglo-Saxon knight) to seek his fortune and become a hero and to return to his native land and claim his bride. But the basic theme of the film is a free and liberated people's warning to the Japanese imperialists. Thus Tseven the shepherd crosses the border into Manchukuo and is struck by the misery of the peasants and by the brutality of the Japanese rule. His naïve protests land him in jail and a death sentence. But a comrade sets him free. He rushes home to tell the government what he has just seen across the border. Later he attends a festival and he throws the champion Lama monk and he really becomes a hero.

Ilya Trauberg, who will be remembered for his *China Express,* has directed this film with skill and an extraordinary sense of humor. He has incorporated the native style of the traditional Chinese theater with his complete knowledge of the traditional cinema melodrama. All of the actors are from the Mongolian State Theater excepting two. One of these, Ir-Kan from Leningrad, who plays the Japanese imperialist, repeats the splendid performance he gave us in Dovjenko's *Frontier.* L. Slavin and Z. Khazrevin are to be congratulated for their splendid musical score.

The only contribution the Brothers Warner make with their film version of their play *Three Men on a Horse* is that now you can see the rowdy racy racehorse comedy for a fraction of the stage price. Except for the changes in the cast it is a photographed play with a couple of track scenes thrown in. Twentieth Century-Fox continues exploiting the quintuplets in *Reunion.* While this second film certainly doesn't have the human quality of the first, you may be thrilled by having a peek at the famous babies who are now quite grown up. If you like that sort of thing you'll enjoy *Reunion.* Metro-Goldwyn-

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Mayer offers us *Mad Holiday,* which might have been a satire on mystery films, but which becomes a boring catalog of corpses, and *Love on the Run,* a trifle in which Joan Crawford is chased by two newspaper men, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. The same company also continues the Tarzan series with *Tarzan Escapes.* Yes, you'll find Maureen O'Sullivan as Tarzan's mate and Johnny Weissmuller, still breaking Mayor LaGuardia's anti-noise laws.

While they will be discussed next week, I should like to recommend R.K.O.'s *Winterset* and United Artists' *Rembrandt* with Charles Laughton. PETER ELLIS.

★

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by these programs or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Inter-American Peace Conference. A number of featurized programs, plus broadcasts of the conference sessions, will be sent out by the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System, as follows: Fri., Dec. 4, 6:35 p.m., Columbia; Mon., Dec. 7, 6:35 p.m., Columbia and 11:15 p.m., N.B.C. blue; Tues., Dec. 8, 6:35 p.m., Columbia and 6:20 p.m., N.B.C. blue; Wed., Dec. 9, 6:35 p.m., Columbia; Thurs., Dec. 10, 6:20 p.m., N.B.C. red and 11:15 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Whit Burnett, co-editor of *Story* magazine, and others: Tues., Dec. 8, 2:15 p.m., Columbia.

Labor Problems. Symposium, Thurs., Dec. 10, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

REGULAR FEATURES

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, John Barbirolli conducting, Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Fridays at 10 p.m., Columbia.

Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., Columbia.

Waring's Pennsylvanians, Tuesdays at 9 p.m., rebroadcast to West Coast at midnight, Columbia.

André Kostelanetz's Orchestra. Wednesdays at 9 p.m. and Fridays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

"Your Hit Parade," Saturdays at 10 p.m., Columbia.

Eddie Cantor and others. Sundays at 8:30 p.m., rebroadcast to West Coast, 11 p.m., Columbia.

Rudy Vallee's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

Raymond Gram Swing, commenting on international affairs. Fridays at 9 p.m., Mutual.

The March of Time. Thursdays at 10:30 p.m., Columbia.

LOCAL

Sidney Kaufman, discussing current movies, Fridays at 9 p.m., Station W2XR, N. Y.

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

Go West, Young Man. Another Mae Western, carrying on the sex-and-cerebration tradition.

The Son of Mongolia. The first native film to come from the Mongolian People's Republic, at the Cameo, N. Y.

Theodora Goes Wild. Irene Dunne as a comedienne in a pretty funny satire on American middle-class life.

As You Like It. Elisabeth Bergner as a light-footed Rosalind.

Millions of Us, a fine labor short. Watch for it in your locality.

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The Theater

THUMBS UP

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Two Hundred Were Chosen (48th Street, N. Y.). E. P. Conkle's stirring play about the Alaskan "resettled" group, with Paula Bauersmith, Will Geer, Charles Jordan, and others.

It Can't Happen Here, Sinclair Lewis's anti-fascist novel dramatized by the W.P.A., at the following theaters: Adelphi, N. Y.; Jefferson, Birmingham, Ala.; Mayan and Figueroa (Yiddish), Los Angeles; Columbia, San Francisco; Baker, Denver; Park, Bridgeport, Conn.; Palace, Hartford, Conn.; Blackstone, Chicago; Keith. Indianapolis; Repertory, Boston; Lafayette, Detroit; City, Newark, N. J.; Warburton, Yonkers, N. Y.; Carter, Cleveland; Moore, Seattle; Scottish Rite, Tacoma.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N.Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. (*Princess Ida,* which will continue through Saturday, Nov. 28, will be followed by a week's run of *The Mikado.*

Hamlet (Empire, N. Y.). John Gielgud as the Dane, plus Lillian Gish, Judith Anderson, and Arthur Byron.

Hamlet (Imperial, N. Y.). Leslie Howard's somewhat unconventional but impressive version.

Tovarich (Plymouth, N. Y.). Slightly slanderous but very entertaining comedy, with a swell cast, including a newcomer, Marta Abba.

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Blues. Enthusiasts should lend an ear to Sasey Bill's rendering of "Gonna Take My Time" and "We Gonna Move," both on Vocalios 03373, and also remember that the same firm made the older highly satisfactory "Back Door" and 'Front Door" blues.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra. This capable outfit has just done "Organ Grinder's Swing' in Jimmy Mundy's arrangement and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on Victor 25445.

Note: Keep your ears open for tunes from Beatrice Lillie's forthcoming *The Show Is On,* which will be recorded by Teddy Wilson and Bunny Berigan for Brunswick, and probably by Guy Lombardo for Victor. Hoagy ("Rockin' Chair" and "Washboard Blues") Carmichael wrote the score.

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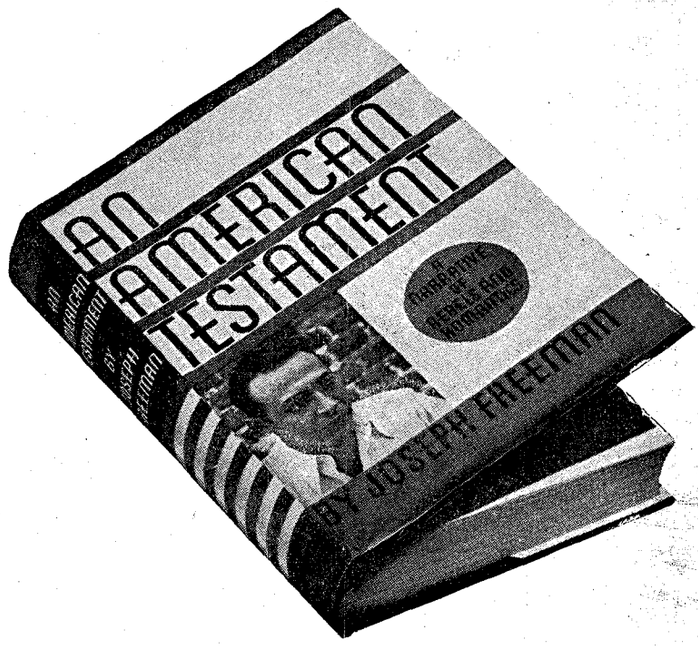

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